

T H E
PROJECTORS.
A
COMEDY.

As it was INTENDED to be ACTED
At one of the *Theatres*.



H. 36
K

L O N D O N,

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According to Act of Parliament.



Advertisement to the Reader.

TO prevent any ill-natured Reflections, that may be made by the Court, Country, or any other Party, the Author takes this Opportunity to assure his Courteous Readers, that altho' he has, among the other Persons of the Drama, brought a great Minister upon the Stage, yet a more harmless Personage never appeared there; for he has not one Word to say for himself, from the Beginning of the Play to the End of it.



DEDICATION

T O

Charles Fletewood, Esq;

S I R,



WHEN a wretched Author is so very unfortunate, as to have his darling Performance rejected at the Theatre, it is a very common Thing among us, to make great Complaints, and bring heavy Accusations against the Manager, who happens not to think quite so well of our elaborate Pieces, as we do ourselves. But, I assure you, Sir, this waits upon you with nothing of that Kind, but with a sincere Acknowledgment, that the Reasons which you gave for not acting this Comedy, at least, at the Season I propos'd it, were so strong, that I very readily acquiesc'd with your Judgment; and cannot help saying, That your Manner of *refusing* a Request, can never oblige, while it would be ungrateful to receive a Favour from another Manager I could mention; whose supercilious Behaviour, and mean Judgment, make him fit only for the Conversation he delights in, and the mean Part he is so fond of performing.

SUCH is the Difference between a *Gentleman* and *Merry-Andrew*, and this Difference, I do not at doubt, will soon be perceived, by the elegant Improvements that will be made on one
Stage,

DEDICATION.

Stage, and the Ribaldry encouraged on the other.

GIVE me Leave, Sir, to repeat what I have said before, that every Remark of yours on my Play, was not only made with good Manners, but with that Justness and Propriety, that I must have been stupid to the last Degree, not to have been charmed and convinced as much by you, as I was shocked, and made obstinate to my own Opinion, by the other Gentleman; according to whose fine Way of criticising on this Piece, if the same Rule was to hold with respect to other Plays, all the Scenes between *Sable* and his Men, and between *Kate Matchlock Camply*, and the Recruits in the FUNERAL, the whole Part of *Boniface* in the STRATAGEM, and other such, the most diverting Parts in some of our best Comedies, should have been entirely let out of them; these, it seems, have not Relation enough to the Plots of the Plays they are introduced in, to be justified by the strict Laws of the *Drama*; but Barns set on Fire in a Field of Pastboard, Flower-Pots dancing with Elbow-chairs, and *Quaker-Women* with *Grecian Statues* for their Partners, *Harlequin* produced from an Egg, then turn'd into a *Dog*, and afterwards into a *Critick*, have nothing, I suppose, that is absurd in them. I am,

S I R,

With much Respect,

Your most humble Servant,

W. H



PROLOGUE.

*THIS Night our Author means to bring to View
A Group of Figures to the Stage are new,
Yet to keep Satyr's Lash who've long been due.*

*Wretches, who are such very silly Elves,
To take in all—they even cheat themselves;
Men, giving Mountains in Imagination,
Who starve in Garrets to support the Nation.
Your wild Projector, that of Millions brags,
Can clothe whole Armies, yet himself's in Rags:
Or searching long to find the Seeds of Gold,
Is lost himself with Hunger and with Cold.*

*Another Character we've drawn so new,
We scarce can hope you'll think the Picture true:
A Stew'rd and Guardian—Nay, you'll be astonish'd,
In both these Offices proves strictly honest.*

*But if one faultless Monster we have shown,
We've Knaves enough that Error to atone:
And in our Play such Errors will be seen,
That we shall richly feast the Criticks Spleen:
Men who sit gaping after Sense in vain,
And who, when most they're pleas'd, are most in Pain.
But if, for once, Good nature may take Place,
Grant a young Author some small Act of Grace:
Or if to Malice you'd give ampler Scope,
With your Applauses cheat him into Hope
That he knows how to please; 'twill make him vain,
Then damn him when he tries to write again.*

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

The Premier Minister in a late Reign.
Sir Solomon Saphead, a rich Country Gentleman.
Sir Theodore Plumb, a wealthy Citizen and Usurer.
Drainwell, an Engineer and Projector.

Sir Richard Landlefs,

Air-castle,

Shirtless,

Machine,

Sly,

Tarrier,

Principle,

} Projectors.

Pamphlet

and

Politick.

} Authors.

George, Son to *Sir Solomon*, in Love with *Julia*.
Plumb jun. Son to *Sir Theodore*, an eminent Fop.
Truegood, Steward to *Sir Solomon*.

W O M E N.

Julia, Daughter to *Sir Theodore*.

Sharlot, Daughter to *Sir Solomon*.

Mrs. Mundick, a noted Schemer.

Planet, a Fortune-Teller in Coffee-Grounds.

Mrs. Tabby, a Mantua-Maker.

Lettice, Chamber-Maid to *Julia*.

Authors, Projectors, Drawers, Servants, &c.

SCENE in LONDON.



T H E



THE PROJECTORS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Scene, a Chamber.

Enter Sir Solomon Saphead and Truegood.

TRUEGOOD.

BUT, good Sir Solomon—
Sir Sol. And I say, good Mr. Truegood, have done with thy Counsel. Thou wast always a saving Fellow, and if thy Advice was worth any Thing, thou wouldest not part with it so freely. I tell thee, the *Sapheads* are an ancient Family, they have been seated in *comitatu Lancastrie* these seven hundred Years; have been Sheriffs of the County, Chairmen at Quarter-Sessions, Justices o' th' *Quorum*, and, in all that Time, never, as I could hear of, took any Body's Advice but their own.

True. But Solomon saith, *That in many Counsellors—*

Sir Sol. Ay, and Solomon saith, for my Name is Solomon as well as his, that he hates Advice as much as a Physician does Water-gruel, or a Hackney Coachman, fair Weather.

True. Yet these are both exceeding good for the Health.

A

I would

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I would not willingly offend your Honour; but in good Truth it would be a Grief to me to lose my old Master.

Sir Sol. No, no, honest *Truegood*, thou mistakest the Matter, thou art not going to lose thy Master, but I shall be a better Master to thee, for as my Estate increases, so will thy Perquisites.

True. They are large enough already, I desire no Increase; and verily, Sir *Solomon*, your Estate lacketh none.

Sir Sol. I think it does, because it never had any; and I am ashamed of being sprung of so indolent a Race, who, from the Time of *William* the Conqueror to this, have neither lost nor gained one Acre of Land.

True. Have not your Stars been wondrous kind in that?

Sir Sol. What! in letting us barely enjoy our own?

True. Wealth you want not, and Honour it was your own Fault for refusing.

Sir Sol. Yes, indeed, if I had accepted of an *Irish* Earldom, which was offered me as a Pen'worth at 5000 *l.* my Daughter would have been my Lady *Sharlot*, and my Son Lord *Saphead*, by Courtesy; but I am now let into a Secret, which, if I had known a little sooner, would have purchased the Kingdom of *Poland*.

True. Good lack! good lack! Why then does your Honour part with any of that Estate you are possessed of already?

Sir Sol. Since I must give my Servant an Account of my Actions, I will tell thee, Muckworm, I have agreed to sell Part of a paultry Estate, to buy Materials which will help me to Millions, Millions, my Boy! this is done too with that Reserve, that I may redeem it at any Time within a Twelvemonth.

True. Yes, if your new-made Gold proves Standard. I do remember an old Proverb, Sir, which says, *that Gold may be bought too dear*; I hope your Honour will not give Two and twenty Shillings a-piece for Guineas.

Sir Sol. I shall have them as cheap as Counters. I grant you, that much Wealth has been formerly thrown away in Search after the grand Secrer, but that's not my Case, for we are already come to the Projection; and by that, and some other Affairs that I am let into, I shall be so great a Gainer,



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a Gainer, that there will not be Figures enough in Arithmetick to set down the Sum Total of my Riches.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir *Theodore Plumb* to wait upon your Honour.

Sir Sol. *Truegood*, Sir *Theodore* and I shall have some Business, when that is done, perhaps I'll send for you.

[Exit Truegood.]

Enter Sir Theodore.

Sir Theo. My worthy Friend.

Sir Sol. My dear Sir *Theodore*, your Servant.

Sir Theo. You're welcome to Town, Sir *Solomon*; but no ill Accident, I hope, has brought you here so suddenly: Your Family and all our Friends, I hope, are well in the Country.

Sir Sol. All well, Sir; but Business, Business of the greatest Consequence has brought me hither.

Sir Theo. Business, Sir *Solomon*! I never heard such a Word from you before. And pray may I be so bold as to ask, whose Business you're about? it cannot be your own.

Sir Sol. Yes, Sir, but 'tis my own and yours. I am come to Town to serve my King, my Country, and myself. And I think that is Business enough for one Head to undertake.

Sir Theo. Indeed, and so it is; for twenty such as yours.

[Aside.]

Sir Sol. Give me thy Hand, old Friend, I design to bring thee into a large Share of the good Fortune and Knowledge I have acquired.

Sir Theo. Knowledge, Sir *Solomon*!

Sir Sol. I say Knowledge, Sir, I am a new Man since I saw you last. Do you now, Sir *Theodore*, know any Thing of the Cohesion of Matter? Can you reduce Deal-Boards to their first Principles? Can you flow a Diamond? Or concentrate a Sun-Beam?

Sir Theo. Not I truly, Sir. I know nothing of these Matters.

Sir Sol. But I do, Sir. With all the Arcana of the mineral, animal and vegetable Kingdoms. I likewise understand, Sir, your Calcination, Sublimation, Volatilization, Precipitation, Amalgamation.—

Sir Theo.

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Sir Theo. Hold, hold, good *Sir Solomon*; how in the Name of Wonder, and to what Purpose, did you get these hard Words by rote.

Sir Sol. To what Purpose! I suppose, *Sir Theodore*, you know that every Metal would be Gold, if truly ripened.

Sir Theo. I know no such Thing I assure you.

Sir Sol. Here now is a Piece of Gold, as fine as Duc-cat, and this was made out of the Handle of a Copper-Stew-Pan; this Diamond on my Finger, worth Two hundred Pounds, was compos'd of about Eleven Five Shilling Sparks.

Sir Theo. Strange, and almost past the Belief of any Man! — but such a Noodle as thyself. [*Aside.*]

Sir Sol. Now, *Sir Theodore*, you must know, that the Process in these Affairs is most extreemly expensive, and the same Charge that makes a Diamond as big as a Pea, will make one as big as a Potatoe; and the same Menstruum that transmutates the Handle of a Stew-Pan, would melt down a Brewer's Copper.

Sir Theo. Very well, *Sir*.

Sir Sol. Therefore these little Experiments, upon this Gold and Diamond that I have shewed you, were only made to prove the Certainty of our Art, but when we go to work indeed, we shall have Occasion for about 140 or 150 thousand Pounds to begin with.

Sir Theo. A large Sum truly; but you speak in the Plural Number, *Our Art*, and *we shall have Occasion*, Are there others concern'd with you already then?

Sir Sol. Only my dear Friend, from whom I have receiv'd this Knowledge; O! such a Man, *Sir Theodore*! — such a Man! —

Sir Theo. He understands his Business, I dare say — [*Aside.*] But how came he, *Sir Solomon*, to communicate these rare Secrets to any Body else?

Sir Sol. From the Want of Money, for, to tell the Truth, *Sir Theodore*, my Friend is poor in every Thing but Virtue and Knowledge.

Sir Theo. How is it possible for a Man to be poor, who, as you say, can make Gold, and flow Diamonds?

Sir Sol.

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Sir Sol. Have I not told you, the vast Expence attending the Prosecution of his Art, but we shall do every Thing shortly. Twenty thousand Pounds I have taken up in the Country, upon a Part of my Estate, another Part I shall endeavour to sell out-right in *London*; then here's a Project of an inferior Kind that I am to sollicite a Charter for, which I reckon may bring us in about Twenty thousand more.

Sir Theo. And what is all this Money for? To buy Copper and build Furnaces, I suppose? But as to your Project of an inferior Kind, what may that be?

Sir Sol. That is an Engine with which the River of *Thames* might be drain'd dry in Twenty four Hours; something more useful than your *York-Buildings-Work*.

Sir Theo. Ay, I hope so. Have you seen an Experiment made with it?

Sir Sol. Yes, by one in Miniature, in a Pail of Water; and am made perfectly well acquainted with the Mechanism of it.

Sir Theo. The Mechanism, you mean.

Sir Sol. Ay, ay, *Sir Theodore*, that is right; the Mechanism, the Mechanism; but as for the grand Engine itself, we should not have had Water enough to have tried it near us, neither is it safe to have one made till our Charter is first obtain'd.

Sir Theo. And so you really imagine you shall be able to get a Charter without any Appearance of publick Emolument?

Sir Sol. I am convinced of the Usefulness of it, and have Money to pay for it.

Sir Theo. That indeed is a great Matter. I have known a Number of Patents purchased before now, that have been of no Service to the Patentees or any Body else.

Sir Sol. Ah, *Sir Theodore*, I know you of old, you are for decrying a good Offer, some Times, in Hopes of coming into it the cheaper; but let us act more upon a Foot of Friendship: My Friend and I must reserve Two Thirds in all these Projects for ourselves, and the other Third I always intended for you.

Sir Theo. O! *Sir Solomon*, you are too generous; but —

Sir Sol.

Sir Sol. Now if you will advance; let me see, — ay, — about Forty thousand Pounds.

Sir Theo. In how long Time?

Sir Sol. Within these three Days.

Sir Theo. In Gold?

Sir Sol. Or Bank Notes.

Sir Theo. You will buy Copper with it! and that is a Transmutation I should not like, Sir Solomon; I am for something that I am sure I know the Value of, and as you are so inclinable to do me a Service, why you may let me have a Bargain in that same Land you were mentioning to have a Desire to sell.

Sir Sol. You shall, Sir Theodore; but will you then miss this Opportunity, of becoming, with my Friend and me, one of the richest Subjects of the known World?

Sir Theo. It will be sufficient Satisfaction for me to see you so, Sir Solomon. The ancient Friendship that has been between us, and the new Alliance that I hope will be made by the Marriage of our Children, makes it almost indifferent between us who is Possessor of the greatest Wealth.

Sir Sol. We shall talk farther of these and other Matters; my Son is in Love with your Daughter *Julia*, and a deserving young Lady she is, Part of my Estate is entailed upon him, and I hope he will make a good Husband; but for my own Daughter, Sir Theodore, she is destin'd to the Arms of my Friend to whom I am to be indebted for all my future Wealth and Grandeur.

Sir Theo. How, Sir Solomon—

Sir Sol. This can be no Loss to your Family; for you have bred Mr. *Plumb* so fine a Gentleman, and he is so thoroughly acquainted with the Town, and every Thing that is polite, that, to be sure, there is no Woman, even of the greatest Quality, that can resist him. Besides, Sir Theodore, you know it would be Ingratitude in me to deny any Thing to a Friend, who is to make me every Thing; and he has a Fancy to the Girl. But, as I said before, we will talk of these Affairs at more Leisure, for I believe it is now Time for me to get down to *Whitehall* about my Charter, where my Friend is now waiting for me.

Sir Theo. Well then, Sir Solomon, when you return I should

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should be glad if you would eat a Bit of Mutton with me, and bring the Writings of the Estate you would dispose of.

Sir Sol. I long, methinks, to see my little *Julia* too; she was always my Favourite, my Service to her, pray, and to that very hopeful young Gentleman your Son, tho' I have no Hópes now of calling him mine.

Sir Theo. Sir Solomon, your Servant, you know my Hour.

Sir Sol. Good Sir Theodore, I am yours, and will attend you. [Exeunt.]

Scene changes to Sir Theodore's.

A Dressing Room.

Enter Julia and Lettice.

[*Julia rising from a Table.*]

Jul. Here, *Lettice*, burn this horrid *Farce*, it is the gravest Thing I ever read; and think of something to divert me.

Lett. The most diverting Thing I can think of, Madam, is your long Train of Admirers, of so many different Forms and Complexions, that sure there never was so pye-bald a Retinue.

Jul. And has no one been here to Day?

Lett. No one as yet, and happy for him who keeps away, for really, Madam, you have call'd forth all your Charms; and I would say, but that it looks commending one's self, you have not a Pin stuck amiss about you; your Dress is as faultless as your Person.

Jul. O! the Charms of Flattery! I know thou wouldst say the same Thing to any Body; however, take that white Sattin-wrapper; and tell me sincerely, *Lettice*, who of all this Pye-bald Train, as you call them, stands fairest in your Favour.

Lett. Madam, it is next to an Impossibility to answer that Question; for these different Gentlemen have so many different Ways to purchase one's Favour, that I can't tell who to give my Vote for. Captain *Audace's* manly Mien, and the genteel Air with which he slipt a Moidore into my Hand last Week, had just determined me for him; but then comes Alderman *Pudding-pate's* Son, the next Morning, and slipt something else into my Hand that was twice as good.

Jul.

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Ful. And what was that?

Lett. A double Moidore. But this soon gave Way to Sir John Pepper-corn's Snuff-box, as that has to Mr. Longepetite's Gold Needle-case.

Ful. Why, *Lettice*, dost name these Insects, mere Butterflies, whose chief Delight is fluttering at the Play-houses, in the Park, and other publick Places; who have no Ambition, but to vie with one another, who shall dress the most like Coxcombs, or who shall dance with the greatest Fortunes; and whose Conversation is as insignificant and insipid as the Words in an *Italian Opera*. Is there no one else thou could'st prefer to these?

Lett. O! your Country Lover, Squire George, the Heir apparent of the ancient Family of the *Sapheads*. He is indeed—

Ful. A Man of Sense.

Lett. Dogmatical and proud.

Ful. Sincere.

Lett. Blunt and unmannerly.

Ful. Handsom in his Person.

Lett. Robust and clumsy.

Ful. Agreeable in his Conversation.

Lett. As the Company in a Stage-Coach, that don't speak a Word to one another in twenty long Miles.

Ful. Liberal in his Temper.

Lett. Nay, now, Madam, you banter the poor Gentleman, indeed. Liberal of what! his North-Country Kisses; but I hate to kiss for nothing.

Ful. Fie! *Lettice*, I vow you talk like a perfect Libertine.

Lett. If you marry him, I'll warrant he'll take you down to the great Mansion House in the Country, built a little after the Flood, and half-furnished with his Great Grandmother's Needle-work; where you will have your Belly full of *Lancashire* Kindness; but no Plays, no Balls, no Operas, no Masquerades, nor no pretty Fellows—

Ful. In having him, I shall have all I can desire.

Lett. Indeed!

Ful. Most true.

Lett. Why then I am glad to hear it with all my Heart.

Ful. Why so?

Lett.

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Lett. Because I think him worth a Hundred and fifty of the wisby washy Water-Gruel Fops that we've been talking of.

Jul. O my dear *Lettice*! now you are an honest Girl; But dost thou really speak thy Mind?

Lett. If I do not, may I be forever condemned to the languid Embraces of a powder'd Toupee. What I said just now of these bawbling Lovers, was only to see how you stood affected, before I ventured to present this Letter to you.

Jul. Ha! a Letter! from my dear George. [Reads:

A Tedious Age is past since I had the Transport of last seeing and conversing with my dearest Julia. Assure yourself nothing should have prevented my being in London before this Time, less than the natural Obligation I am under, of endeavouring to preserve an only Sister from Ruin and Misery. My Father, by some strange Intimation, has given up himself, his Estate and Children, to the Government and Mercy of a Fellow, who, I am sure, will prove a Villain and a Scoundrel. It was proposed that poor Sharlot should be sacrificed to this Wretch in Marriage; which she not being to be brought to consent to, he has, by the Power given by my Father, turned us both out of Doors. She is coming to beg the Advice and Protection of Sir Theodore, and I to fling myself at the Feet of my dearest Julia, being eternally

Yours,

GEORGE SAPHEAD.

Poor George! poor Sharlot!

Lett. I pity the Lady indeed, but for Mr. George, Madam, you know there's a good Estate settled on him, that his Father cannot touch.

Jul. This concerns my Brother too; *Lettice*, see if he is in his own Apartment, and tell him, I desire I may speak with him.

Lett. Madam, he has not been above an Hour yet at his Toiler, and you know it is impossible to get him away from thence in less than an Hour and a Half more.

Jul. Then I must go to him.

[Exeunt.

B

Scene

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Scene changes to young Plumb's Apartment, a Toilet, he sitting with a white Cloath around him, a Footman combing his Peruke upon his Head; Le Pierre, his French Valet, and another Footman waiting.

Footm. I beg your Honour will not turn your Head for much, for if you do, there will be an absolute Impossibility for me to adjust the due Oeconomy of your Peruke.

Plumb. It was before I was aware, I was unfortunately thinking of some Thing else; but there is no Mischief done, I hope.

Footm. No, pretty well, Sir, pretty well, there, there. [*Puffs a large Quantity of Powder in his Face.*]

Plumb. Death, the Rascal has choak'd and blinded me too.

Footm. Not at all, not at all, Sir, only a little Powder, which, when wiped off again, will help to allay that Healthiness of Complexion, which you know, Sir, is for much out of Fashion.

Plumb. Right, the pale Beauty is most in Vogue, at present. Another Flux, I believe, would make me perfectly handsom. *Le Pierre!* [*He gets up.*]

Le Pierre. Monsieur.

Plum. Allez chez Madame la Duchesse, & faite elle mes Baïse Mains avec cet Billet. [*Gives a Letter. Exit Le Pierre*] *Robin*, go you to my Lord *Mudbrains*, with my Service, and tell him I have appointed *Di Rantipole* and *Kate Shameless*, to meet him and I in the Balcony at *Covent-Garden Play-House* To-night; and, do you hear — [*Footman going*] Hamstring this Fellow, he's always running away with Half his Message. Tell him, that, after we parted last Night, the two Harlots fell into the Hands of Sir *John* and his Mirmidons; that *Tom Daredevil* was carried to the Round-House for beating a Watchman; that I escaped indeed, but my Head aches so consumedly, I fear I shan't be able to be at the House this Morning — [*Exit Footman.*] And, *John*, do you go to that Rascal the Taylor, and tell him, if he don't bring Home the Pink-colour Velvet To-morrow, I'll prevail upon my Lord *Squander* to bespeak a rich Suit of Embroidery of him, and

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and he knows very well, he will be ruined if he refuses to make it, and never paid for it if he does.

[Exit the other Footman.]

Enter Julia.

Ha! a Visit from so fair a Lady is a Favour indeed.

Jul. O dear Brother! I have a melancholly Piece of News to tell you.

Plumb. Then, dear Sister, let it alone till To-morrow; for I am already immers'd over Head and Ears in the Spleen.

Jul. Can you have so little Curiosity as not to enquire whom it concerns?

Plumb. I don't love to know any Thing, Child, that will vex me. And for that Reason now, when I go to the Groom-Porter, or any other Gaming-Table, I never count what Money I have about me; that, if the Dice should happen to run against me, I mayn't have the Misfortune of knowing how much I have lost.

Jul. But this is what ought to touch you nearer than the Loss of Money.

Plumb. The Death of my Father ought to do that—you don't bring any Tidings of an Apoplexy, or any Thing of that Kind, do you? If so, why—you know his Father died before him, we did not all come together, and so forth.

Jul. Read that.

[Gives him a Letter.]

Plumb. [Reads to himself] Egad, I'm glad it is no worse, for really, by your grave Countenance, I was afraid some Thing had happened to Pug or to Poll; and I love them both so well, for your Sake and their own, that I should have been griev'd at any Mischance that should have befallen to either of them: But for this Country Acquaintance, really Sister, I had almost forgot her.

Jul. Forgot her, Brother!

Plumb. Ay, Sister, Can you imagine that I have any Place in my Thoughts for this Lancashire Justice's Daughter, who have this very Morning received two Letters from a Couple of Dutcheffes, one of which I am going to drink Tea with this Instant? And so, Madam, your most obedient Servant.

[Exit Plumb.]

Jul.

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Jul. The Loss of so much Indifference, I am sure, ought not to disturb her; but for my own dear *George*—
Reward, kind Love, his constant Faith and mine;
And let our Deaths alone our Joys confine. [*Exit Jul.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Scene, *A large Anti-chamber.*

A Door-keeper attending.

Several Persons, very shabby; and in strange Dresses, waiting, with Rolls of Parchment and Bundles of Papers; among them Drainwell, Sly, Tarrier, Shirtless, Principle, Air-castle, Politick, and Pamphlet — Sly better dressed than the rest.

Sly to the Door-keeper.

ARE the Lords sitting?

Door-keep. Yes, Sir.

Sly. I mean, is there a Board?

Door-keep. Yes, there is.

Sly. Then give them this immediately.

[*Gives a Paper.*]

Door keep. Humph! Immediately, you say.

Sly. Ay, it is a Matter of general Benefit to the Nation, that I have to offer; and therefore it is not fit that I should wait.

Door keep. I cannot go in, Sir, till their Lordships ring their Bel; but Business is not carried on, in this Place, in so much Haste as you imagine; and perhaps, before you have an Answer to your Satisfaction, your Patience, and your Coat too, may be as thread-bare as some of these worthy Gentlemen's: Do but observe them, not one among them, but has had some mighty Matter to offer, for the general Good of the Nation, as well as yourself; and in as much Haste at their first coming here.

Sly. Death, Sir, I'll come after it no more.

Door-keep. With all my Heart, Sir. Tho' I know you lye. [*Aside.*]

Tarr. The Gentleman seems to be angry.

Sly,

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Sly. And would it not make any Man angry? Here have I a Scheme that will bring in three Millions, and I must court People to receive it; no, I'll burn it first.

Tarr. But, methinks, there would be no great Patriotism, Sir, in giving up so considerable an Advantage to your Country, merely for the sake of saving a little Attendance. A lack-a-day! Sir I cannot pretend, for my Part, to have the Honour of proposing an Affair that will bring in above the Half of one Million at a Time; and yet I have, for the Regard I bear to the Publick, been content to dance Attendance here these six Months. — Could you be so good, Sir, as to lend me a Tester?

Sly. It is a little odd to borrow Money of a Person at first Sight, and before you know so much as his Name; but, as your Request is so moderate, I shall not refuse it.

Tarr. Ay, dear Sir, there is nothing at all in this among us; by that Time you have given the Government the three Millions you talk of, and two or three Millions more, you may want to borrow Sixpence yourself. We seldom have any Money in our Pockets, but, like your great Statesmen, give it all to the Publick, all to the Publick, Sir. As you are a Person of Worth, and seem to be a Stranger here, give me Leave to introduce you to a Friend of mine, who hath given several Millions to the Publick, he may be serviceable to you, for he has a particular Interest in you know who.

Sly. No, the Devil take me if I do, or can guess, who it is possible such ragged Rogues can have any Interest in.

Tarr. Mr. *Shirtless*!

Shirt. Mr. *Tarrier*, your Servant.

Tarr. Pray, Mr. *Shirtless*, be known to this Gentleman, who is a Person of most extraordinary Generosity. He has a Scheme to propose for the Publick will not be thrown away—He wont know but you can, mun. [*Aside to*
Shirtless.

Shirt. I must first know what the Gentleman's Project is, that I may be sure not to look mean in the Eyes of my Patron; for I cannot bear any Thing that looks little and mean. If the Gentleman, Mr. *Tarrier*, will come with you to our Ale-house at *Charing-Cross*, I have bespoke some Ox-cheek for Dinner, there we may talk the Matter over.

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over. I am going to send to another Gentleman to meet me there, for whom I have promised to get Four thousand Pounds at Three and a Half *per cent*. I should be obliged to you, Sir, if you could let me have a Penny to put this Letter into the Post.

Sly. And you'll pay me again, when you have rais'd the Four thousand Pounds?

Shirt. You're a pleasant Gentleman, Sir, I could serve you perhaps, if you had Occasion for a Thousand Pounds or two yourself—This is the ninth Penny I have borrowed To-day upon this Letter. [*Aside*.

Sly. You have really, Sir, something that discovers the Gentleman and the Philosopher in you, from Head to Foot.

Shirt. O! Sir, your very humble Servant, I am indeed a little under a Cloud at present, but I have Two Daughters I shall give Ten thousand Pounds a-piece to by and by.

Tarr. How transported am I, my dear Friend, to hear this, I did not think you had been worth a Ten thousandth Part of the Money.

Shirt. I cannot say that I have yet the Money *in specie*, but I am sure of finding out the Longitude in a few Months, and you know the Reward of that, Mr. *Tarrier*. In the mean Time, I am soliciting for something for a Discovery I have made for the Cure of the Bite of a mad Dog.

Sly. I should think, Sir, that was rather cognizable by the College of Physicians.

Shirt. It is of publick Benefit, and those Things never go unrewarded here.

[*Enter a Gentleman, and whispers to Shirtless.*

Offer a Bribe to a Man of Honour! No, Sir: Let your laced Coats take a Bribe. I scorn it. Your Business shall be done.

Enter Sir R. Landlefs, extremely ragged.

Shirt. O! my dear Friend, Sir Richard, how proud am I to see you; it is an Age since you were last here.

Sir *Rich*. Why Mr. *Shirtless*, I do not care to trouble their Lordships, but when I have real Business.

Shirt. And what have you now to propose?

Sir *Rich*. Sir, in this Paper is a Plan for an Accommodation of the publick Affairs, which must certainly make whole

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whole the Rupture among the present Potentates of *Europe*.

Sly. Methinks it is a great Pity, Sir, you can't do the same by your own Apparel, in the mean Time.

Sir Rich. How! Sir. Do you know that I am one of the oldest Baronets of *Great Britain*?

Sly. Then I suppose, Sir, your Coat and your Patent are of the same Date.

Sir Rich. We are now in the Verge, or I would make you answer for this Affront: But I shall find a Time—

Sly. I hope you will, Sir, to put your self in Repair. A Pox o' these beggarly Fellows with their great Estates and Titles. I'll come here no more. [Exit *Sly*.]

Tarr. Mr. *Air-castle*, follow him closely, for he has got Money, and we must not lose him till 'tis gone.

[Exit *Air-castle* running.]

Sir Rich. This was the unmannerliest Fellow I ever met with; to be sure he never spoke to a Man of Fashion before. O! here is one knows how to behave better—
Mr. *Pamphlet*, your Servant.

Pamph. I am your Honour's most obedient Servant.

Sir Rich. I am glad to see you, very glad to see you, but alas! Mr. *Pamphlet*, I am not able to do as I have done. You remember I gave you twenty Guineas for a Dédication once.

Pamph. Yes. And you have told me of it a hundred times. [Aside] O, Sir *Richard*, I shall never forget your Liberality.

Sir Rich. Ah! Mr. *Pamphlet*, that was in better Times, before I was engaged in the Copper and Iron Projects, and that of extracting Silver from Lead. We have been unfortunate there, and yet the Person I was concerned with could do the Work.

Pamph. Yes, for he extracted a good deal of Silver, and Gold too, out of your leaden Head. [Aside.]

Sir Rich. I suppose, Mr. *Pamphlet*, you have some new Piece coming out, by your being here.

Pamph. I have a *Defence* and an *Enquiry*, both ready for the Press; but at present I am here on another Account, and perhaps on a very uncommon one.

Sir Rich. What is that, pray?

Pamph. To solicit my very good Lord to take away a Patent.

Patent-place, which he not long since procured for a Friend of mine.

Sir Rich. That is new indeed.

Pamph. You know young *Slenderwit*; *Sir Richard*.

Sir Rich. Very well.

Pamph. You know too, that poor *Simon* is a little soft; and so was easily drawn into an Affair, for which, with much Difficulty, he obtained a Patent, but, having lost Money by it, is now as desirous to get rid of it.

Sir Rich. What Occasion to solicit on such an Account? Can't he discontinue the Use of it, as my Friends and I have done; or burn the Patent?

Pamph. Ay, but then, *Sir Richard*, we have no Pre-
tence to ask for a Sum of Money, or something in Lieu of it.

Sir Rich. Oh! then I find Mr. *Slenderwit* expects to be paid for their doing what he requested of them. Methinks that is like a Man's desiring another to make him a Cuck-old, that he may recover Damages of him. But here comes my Lord.

[*A Nobleman with a blue Garter crosses the Stage. The Croud all run up to him with their Papers. He takes one from Principle.*

All the Projectors] Ah! Most noble Lord!

Pamph. to Prin. You have good Fortune to have your Paper receiv'd so readily.

Prin. It would be good Fortune indeed, if I could tell when I should have an Answer; but this is the fourth of that Sort, that I have delivered within this Week. But methinks it was not quite so civil not to take yours too.

Pamph. Ay, considering he knew I waited here.

Prin. How came he to know that?

Pamph. Because I am here as constantly as himself. I think we Gentlemen of the Pen ought to have a little more Regard shewn to us than you ragged Schemers: But I'll revenge the Affront.

Prin. Which Way?

Pamph. I'll write on t'other Side; that's flat: Look to't; I'll write on the other Side. [*In a Passion.*

Prin. The Pen, I must confess, may be made a dangerous Machine,

Pamph.

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Pamph. Pox on your Machines, you Projectors think all the World is to move by Wheels and Clanks. I denounce War against you all. I'll write on the other Side, that's pos. [Exit.]

Polit. A great Loss to the Party indeed. This Fellow writes before he can read; and, from bottoming Cain Chairs in a Garret, sets about botching the State; he has more Impudence than the *Orator*, more Ignorance than the *Drop-doctor*, and, in short, the new Author of *Fog* is a Wit to him.

Enter Mrs. Mundick in Haste, with Rolls of Papers, &c.

Mrs. Mun. Odds my Life! I am always too late — Is the Board up, Mister — ah —

Door-keep. Ay, ay, and the Lords gone.

Mrs. Mun. Well, I am the most unfortunate Creature! pray when will there be another Board?

Door-keep. They have adjourned till after the Holidays, Woman.

Mrs. Mun. Woman! By your Insolence one may see that every Change grows worse. Formerly a Letter sign'd *Mundick*, would have brought either of their Lordships themselves a Mile to wait on me; but Age and ill Success have now made their very Servants despise me. Remember this when I get the Warrant for my Money: — Tho' in Truth there is now more Trouble in getting one Shilling Gratuity-Money from them, than in raising a Million for their Service.

Sir Rich. Good *Mrs. Mundick*, your Servant.

Mrs. Mun. *Sir Richard Landlefs!* your most most obedient Servant, Sir. I am all Amazement, *Sir Richard*.

Sir Rich. At what, Madam?

Mrs. Mun. To see you bear Disappointment so well. I think you look younger since you have discontinued your Iron works — *Sir Richard* has formerly made some Advances to me, and tho' he's but poor, the Title of my Lady might be of Service to me in some of my Schemes. [Aside] It has been an expensive Undertaking to you, *Sir Richard*, for I am told, that the first Ton of Iron cost at least a Ton of Silver the making.

Sir Rich. Indeed I believe it did. For the Materials are very chargeable.

C

Mrs.

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Mrs. Mun. And between Friends, *Sir Richard*, the first Ton of Silver we extract from *Mundick*, I believe will cost some a Ton of Gold. But I am secure of my People. For you know I have had a handson Introduction to Court ere now.

Sir Rich. You're a lucky Woman.

Mrs. Mun. You knew old *Sir John Scheme-right*, the Patent-broker, and Farmer of Briefs.

Sir Rich. Too well, or I had not sold my Estate perhaps.

Mrs. Mun. Then you know that he has left a Son worth a hundred thousand Pounds in ready Cash.

Sir Rich. I have heard he is very rich; but what of him?

Mrs. Mun. Why this Son, you must know, has been a Nibbler at my Bait.

Sir Rich. I don't wonder at that, *Mrs. Mundick*, you have been a fine Woman in your Time.

Mrs. Mun. You mistake me, *Sir Richard*, I only mean at my Project. Good lack, you can't imagine I would regard such a Boy as that, but to make a Fool of him.

Sir Rich. Why, that is as most Ladies do by their Husbands; but, to be serious, if you design to get him into the Silver-Scheme, you must be expeditious; for, you know, a new Project, like a new Book, should be dispos'd of, if possible, before 'tis look'd into.

Mrs. Mun. Right, right, *Sir Richard*. But, good *Sir Richard*, as to your own Concerns, I should be glad to know how the Case stands with you at present: Are Matters so intirely ruined and decay'd, do you think, that you shall never be able to make one more Push with your Affairs?

Sir Rich. I begin to despair.

Mrs. Mun. You don't know what may be done with a little of my Assistance. I have a rich Fool or two in my Eye, that may set the Furnaces at work again, if rightly managed. But this is no Place to talk of these Things in.

Sir Rich. I should be proud, good *Mrs. Mundick*, to wait upon you any where else.

Mrs. Mun. You shall go home, and take a Dinner with me; and, if I thought you would go to work with Resolution and Courage, I don't know but I may let you into all my Secrets.

Sir

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Sir Rich. Madam, I attend you — this may prove a fortunate Rencounter. *[Exit Sir Rich. leading Mrs. Mundick. Drainwell comes forward.]*

Drain. I wonder Sir Solomon should not be here before this Time.

Prin. I believe, Sir, I have had the Honour of a former Acquaintance with you, but it is really so long ago, that I have forgot your Name.

Drain. I'm glad of that, for I don't know what Name you might happen to know me by. *[Aside]* I do not readily recollect—

Prin. Did not you formerly lodge—

Drain. Where, Sir ?

Prin. At a Cook's Shop in St. Giles's ?

Drain. Sir!—Zoons, how unlucky this is! if Sir Solomon comes now, I'm blown. *[Aside.]*

Prin. Egad, my dear Mr. What d' ye call 'em, we will not part no w'till we've drank together.

Drain. No, to be sure, my dear Friend—tho' the De'il take me if I han't forgot your Name too—*[Aside.]* We would dine together, if I could get a small Affair dispatch'd for me in the City.

Prin. Can I be of Service to you ?

Drain. Nobody could do the Businets better, I will pay your Coach-Hire with all my Heart, and bespeak something that's handsom for Dinner against you come back, at the Falstaff's-Head ; for it requires great Haste.

Prin. I'll fly. Where is it to, and about what ?

Drain. Only to enquire for Moses Mustachio the Jew, at Jonathan's Coffee-House, who is now waiting for me, and, upon shewing him this Token, without naming any Name, he will deliver five hundred Moidores to you.

Prin. Will he ? Then, if the Wind sets fair, I'll be in Holland to morrow. *[Aside]* Dear, Sir, I'll make all the Haste imaginable—At Sir John Falstaff's, you say—but the De'il take me if ever I come back. *[Aside.]*

Drain. Right—but rot me if ever I see you again, if I can help it. *[Aside. Exit Principle]* The Rogue has put me all in a Sweat ; and made me rack my Invention for a sham Messlage to get rid of him.

Enter

Enter Sir Solomon in a great Hurry.

Sir Sol. Mr. Drainwell, Oh! Mr. Drainwell!

Drain. Sir Solomon, your Servant.

Sir Sol. My dear Friend, yours most cordially. Let me embrace you, you are welcome to Town. I am ashamed of myself, that I should let you be here before me; when I sent you Word, upon your Arrival in Town last Night, that I would meet you here this Morning.

Drain. O! Sir Solomon, be not under any Concern for that; I do not think the Time long, I assure you.

Sir Sol. But I am afraid too, it has been a Hindrance to the Business; for I saw my Lord going into his Coach, as I came hither.

Drain. Not at all, the Business is done; I have had my Audience, and am ordered to attend To-morrow; there is no Objection to the Affair in the least.

1st Proj. [*Aside to*] Mind that Bam, Joe, he's drawing the Cull in, for he has had no Audience, I'm sure, here.

2d Proj. Who the Devil is he? [*Aside to 1st.*

Sir Sol. Then we may get our Clerks, and Accomptants, and Secretaries, and Cashiers, and chuse our Governor and Court of Assitants immediately.

Drain. Ay, immediately, Sir Solomon; if we had but a Place to meet in.

Sir Sol. We must hire one of the Halls in the City. I am invited to Dinner at my Friend Sir Theodore Plumb's To-day; you shall go with me, and he'll put us in the Way to go about it. He has already propos'd to advance Money on the Lancashire Estate, and I believe in Time I may bring him in for a Partner; he loves a good Project as he loves his Gold; and is vastly rich, and much my Friend.

Drain. I am sure, Sir Solomon, you have shewn yourself his, by offering him such an Advantage as a Share in our Undertakings: But ready Money will be useful to us, that's certain.

Sir Sol. Well, and how have you left Matters in the Country? Have you found Sharlot more compliable? It is a Grief to me to think I should be Father to so obstinate a Baggage.

Drain. No really, Sir Solomon, she is the same as when you left her; but perhaps the Fear of your Displeasure, and

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and the Dread of sudden Poverty, may work upon her; for I have been forced to put the full Powers you gave me in Execution, and have actually taken Possession of *Totter-Hall*, and the Lands about it, by virtue of your Assignment to me.

Sir Sol. Very good, I am glad on't.

Drain. I gave her and her Brother two Days Time, according to your Instructions, to leave my House, unless she would prevent her Fate, by complying with my Desires, and her Father's Commands, as I told her, in marrying me.

Sir Sol. What said she to that?

Drain. That she hated, loathed, and despised me.

Sir Sol. Then she is no Child of mine. I'll never see her more.

Drain. O! good *Sir Solomon*, she may—

Sir Sol. I know your virtuous Disposition, *Mr. Drainwell*, would make you screen her Faults; but do not name her to me. What! is my Friend, whom I love, honour and esteem, to be loath'd, hated, and despis'd by her? And have my strict Commands no Weight, no Influence on her? Let her starve.

Drain. Forbid it Heaven, that I should see your Daughter starve! She may yet have a better Sense of her Duty, and do as you direct her.

Sir Sol. It must be soon then, for if she trifles with my Wrath, I shall pass a Sentence not to be revoked: But I will be calm at present. Come, my worthy Friend, I'm ready to attend you to the City. I am mighty glad tho' there has been no Obstructions to our Business here. Come along, my dear Friend. [Exeunt.]

Scene changes to Sir Theodore's.

Sir Theodore and Julia.

Sir Theo. How say you, Child, his Grace been here? Adad, it was unlucky that I should be out of the Way.

Ful. Not at all, Sir, for my Lord, knowing I was in the Secret between you, told his Business to me.

Sir Theo. Was it to redeem his Plate?

Ful. No, Sir, to borrow it.

Sir Theo. Borrow it! that's a good Jest. No, no, he has borrowed my Money already, and, till that is repaid; I shall hardly part with my Security. *Ful.*

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Ful. But, Sir, he says he is to have some Persons of great Distinction to dine with him To-morrow, and if you will let two of your Servants carry it, they shall wait at Table, and bring it back again the Minute Dinner's over; for which Piece of Civility, he will make your Book-Keeper, or yourself, if you will accept of it, a Present of thirty Guineas.

Sir Theo. Humph!

Ful. And ten more for the Use of my Lady Dutcheff's Necklace and Ear-Rings.

Sir Theo. Two Words to that Bargain; if the Plate goes, *Robin* and *Harry* shall not let it be out of their Sight; But who shall pretend to strip her Grace of her Necklace and Ear-Rings, if she should have a Mind to keep them a little longer?

Ful. O! dear Pappa, a Woman of that Quality would be asham'd of such an Action.

Sir Theo. I, Child, who have so many Dealings with People of Quality, know that they have not always more Modesty than their Inferiors.

Ful. Sir, you know your own Affairs best. But, dear Pappa, here is another, which concerns us both: Read that. [Gives a Letter]

Sir Theo. [Reads to himself] How! turn'd out of Doors and desire Shelter here! No, I'll have nothing to say to them, I shall not encourage Children in Disobedience to their Parents.

Ful. But consider, Sir, the Necessity they are drove to.

Sir Theo. So I do, and the Necessity their Father will be drove to in a little Time; for he is in a fine Way to get rid of his whole Estate, with great Expedition: Therefore, from henceforth, I forbid your receiving any Visits from his Son *George*, Madam.

Ful. How! Sir, was it not by your own Command that I first allow'd of his Addresses?

Sir Theo. What then, the Case is alter'd, he will not have the Estate that I that Time supposed he would, and no Part of mine shall go to clear off the Incumbrances of a broken Fortune.

Ful. He, Sir, has an independent Fortune, that I shall think sufficient to make us both happy, with what you may be pleas'd to add to it.

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Sir Theo. But I do not think it sufficient; and I shall take Care of the Honour of my Family, without consulting your Inclinations.

Ful. As those Inclinations were first allowed by you, and as I was at full Liberty, even by your own Authority, to indulge them; How can I break the mutual Faith that's sworn between us, without the Height of Perfidy? Or how divide my Heart from his, united by the strongest Ties, without enduring Pains ineffable?

Sir Theo. Hoity, toity, this same Love, I find, has made you very eloquent, Madam: But if I don't understand your Play-house Cant, nor the Stile of your *Cassandra's* and your *Cleopatra's*, and the rest of your idle Romances; yet as I do know the true Value of Land, and Stocks, and ready Cash, I shall listen to another Offer that has been made me on your Account, that will be somewhat more advantageous than what I at first expected from *Sir Solomon's* Son.

Ful. I ask not whence it comes, my Heart's already fix'd, nor is there any Power on Earth can shake its firm Resolves.

Sir Theo. O! Madam, we shall try that. The Person I speak of is immensely rich, and therefore agreeable to my Inclinations; and whether he is so to yours, or not, I shall expect Obedience from you.

Enter Lettice.

Lett. *Sir Solomon*, Sir, and another Gentleman, are in the Parlour, and Dinner is taking up.

Sir Theo. Consider of what I have said to you, and if you persist in loving any Thing better than Gold, I shall believe your Mother deceived me, and that your real Father came from t'other Side of *Temple Bar*. [*Exit Sir Theo.*]

Ful. O *Lettice*! ruined past all Hopes.

Lett. What's the Matter now, Madam?

Ful. My Father, so far from receiving *Sharlot* and her Brother into his House, has forbid me to see him. He thinks he is not likely to have so large an Estate as he once imagined, and therefore, it seems, has found out another Lover for me.

Lett. What a *Jew* is he! not see him! but you must see him, and you shall see him.

Ful.

Jul. But how, and where?

Lett. Let me see—Edad, I have a Place of Rendezvous in my Head, the rarest Place! what think you, Madam, of meeting at Mrs. *Planet's*, the Woman I have so often desir'd you to go and see, who tells People every Thing in the World by Coffee-Grounds?

Jul. Thou dost not believe me weak enough, I hope, to mind such Stuff.

Lett. Really, Madam, you'll be surpris'd when you hear what she can tell you. But however, whether she knows any Thing or no, that's no Objection to your meeting at her House, which you may do with less Suspicion than any where else, it being frequented by Half the Town.

Jul. That we'll consult of well by and by, for by this Time Dinner is on the Table. [Exeunt.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter young Plumb and Julia.

Jul. WELL, Brother, you have heard, at Dinner, all Sir *Solomon's* fine Projects, now, What do you think of his Daughter?

Plumb. Ah! my Dear, I have quite another Opinion of her; she's a new Creature, and all over Flames, Darts, and Raptures. Why, if he brings all these fine Things to bear, he'll make her one of the greatest Fortunes in the Universe.

Jul. If he brings them to bear, he may indeed—

Plumb. Why, Sister, have not you great Faith in all that was said by his Friend there, Mr. *Drainwell*?

Jul. Women, you know Brother, are no Judges of such Matters.

Plumb. No, no, How should they, poor Things?

Jul. And the Man seem'd to talk of what surpass'd the Understanding of every one at Table.

Plumb. He did indeed. A very great Man in his Way, I warrant him. O! I am quite charm'd with that Project of flowing of Diamonds. If I marry *Sharlot*, I shall expect one as big as a Pullet's Egg at least, for the Burton of my Hat. And, for my Wife, her Pendants shall throw my

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my Lady *Brilliant* in Fits, as hers, at the first Appearance, did the Countess of *South-Lambeth*.

Ful. Ay, but do you know, Brother, that my Father, so far from suffering us to marry into Sir *Solomon's* Family, will not allow us to see any of them.

Plumb. How! for what Reason? I like that indeed. Would the old Fellow oppose my having *Sharlot* then, because she is likely to have too much Money? He don't use to be in that Way of thinking.

Ful. No, but he apprehends Sir *Solomon's* Estate is going, and indeed I believe it is in a bad Way; for that Fellow, who dined with us, is the Person that has taken Possession of his House in the Country, and turned *George* and *Sharlot* out of Doors.

Plumb. Are you sure of that? But what then? Rot the old Fabrick, Sir *Solomon* will build them a Palace next Year.

Ful. Do you not remember the Letter I received from *George*, to acquaint me with it, and to desire my Father's Protection to him and his Sister? They are since come to Town, and I have sent *Lettice* to them, to let them know my Father's cruel Resolution; but at the same Time have directed them to a Place, where we may meet as often as we please, with all the Safety imaginable.

Plumb. Where's that?

Ful. You know the famous Mrs. *Planet*.

Plumb. The best Place in the World. That Woman does certainly know something of what she pretends to; for she told me once, that I should marry one of the greatest Fortunes in *England*, and that she had six of her Customers, Ladies of the first Quality, who could neither eat, drink, nor sleep, for thinking of me; nay, that one of them confessed to her, that she had cuckolded her Husband a hundred Times, upon my Account, in Imagination.

Ful. You don't believe this Nonsense, I hope.

Plumb. Indeed but I do; and should, if she had doubled the Number. What! I don't dress, and dance, and drive Hackney Coaches, and subscribe to the Opera, for nothing, I hope. O that dear *Faranelli*! he gave a certain Lady of Quality such an Opportunity of declaring her Passion to me last Night, as I shall never forget.

D

Ful.

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Ful. He gave her an Opportunity!

Plumb. Yes; for in one of his affectuouse Songs, she did so leer and languish upon me, with her Eyes half open and half shut, that you would have sworn she was just then going to expire.

Ful. O you vain Creature! And why might it not be the Song, as well as your sweet Person, that affected her?

Plumb. 'Twas both, Child, 'twas both.

Enter Lettice.

Ful. Well, have you seen them?

Lett. Yes, Madam.

Ful. And what do they say?

Lett. O! a thousand fine Things, which I, having but a bad Memory, begg'd they would repeat to you, at the Time and Place appointed to meet at, and That they desire may be as soon as possible; they will be there themselves in half an Hour at farthest—And I have let *Plumb.* into the whole Secret of the Gold and Diamonds, and I'll warrant she does the Business effectually. [*Aside to Jul.*]

Ful. Well, Brother, Will you venture to see the Lady, notwithstanding my Father's Prohibition?

Plumb. Ay, come, let's go together.

Ful. No, we so seldom go out together, it will be taken notice of; but if you'll go first, I will only speak three or four Words to my Father, and then take a Chair, and follow you.

Plumb. So let it be. *Adieu donc, ma Sœur.* [*Exit Plumb.*]

Enter Sir Theodore, Sir Solomon, and Drainwell.

Drain. to *Sir Theo.*] So, as I was saying, Sir, you must take the mineral Spirits when they are purified by Art, and reunite them to the metallick Bodies made perfect, by being first render'd volatile, and then inspissated again, till they are wholly fix'd.

Sir Theo. It may be so.

Drain. But then due Care is to be had, that the radical Moisture be preserv'd, so that, in this Reconjunction, there may be a Coequation of Principles.

Sir Theo. Ah, dear Sir, these Things are all above my Comprehension; but the Money-Affair shall be done—O'd, you are a clever Man, you'll do *Sir Solomon's* Business.

[*Aside.*
Drain,

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Drain. But, Sir, the greatest Thing yet to be done—

Sir Sol. to Drain.] Enough, enough, *Sir Theodore's* a cunning Man. And so, *Sir Theodore*, I am your most humble Servant.

Sir Theo. *Sir Solomon*, I am yours, and much obliged to you, and your worthy Friend here, for this Favour.

Sir Sol. Not one Step farther, good *Sir Theodore*. But you will get the Writings between us ingross'd, I hope, with all possible Expedition. Consider what immense Sums we lose every Day and Hour, 'till we have set our Engines at work.

Drain. I believe, *Sir Theodore*, since I have laid before you the several Processes, which *Sir Solomon* and I have gone thro', in the Chymical Way, you begin to be convinced of the Certainty of what I have undertaken, and will therefore, I hope, expedite the Affair as much as may be; for, as *Sir Solomon* observes, a Day lost is an Estate lost.

Sir Sol. When the Writings are finished, the Money must be paid into Mr. *Drainwell's* Hands here.

Sir Theo. [*Aside.* He'll be a trusty Steward, I'll answer for him]—Very well, Sir.

Drain. Ay, good *Sir Solomon*, I am very willing to ease you of the Trouble of buying those Materials and necessary Utensils we shall have Occasion for; but really so large a Sum is a great Charge; I would rather it should be lodged in your Hands, and so let me draw upon you as the Works require it.

Sir Sol. Ah! my dear Friend, I would it was ten times the Sum.

Sir Theo. It shall be paid, *Sir Solomon*, just as you please to order it.

Sir Sol. *Sir Theodore*, once more your most obedient Servant; my pretty Miss *Julia*, I am yours.

[*Exeunt Sir Solomon and Drainwell.* *Sir Theodore goes to the Door and returns.*]

Sir Theo. Now, my Girl, I believe we shall live in the Country at last.

Jul. How so, Sir?

Sir Theo. Because I am about purchasing *Sir Solomon's* Estate, and shall have it a lumping Pen'worth, I assure you.

Jul. I hope not, Sir. Is he obliged to sell it?

Sir

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Sir Theo. How! hope not, Hussy. If I once get Possession of such an Estate, I will marry you to nothing less than a Peer of the Realm. You shall be a Viscountess at least.

Ful. When I marry, I hope I shan't want your Assistance [*Aside*].—Indeed Pappa, I would not purchase Grandeur at so dear a Rate, as with the Spoils and Ruin of so good a Man. You know, Sir, I was once, with *Sharlot*, at his House in the Country, for some Time, when I was Witness to his Way of living, and saw the high Esteem he was in with all his Neighbours; for Charity, Generosity and Benevolence, he was almost ador'd by all the County: And if he is deceiv'd and cheated by a Vilain, do not you assist the Fraud, it will be Godlike to preserve such Virtue from Destruction.

Sir Theo. Then you would not have me get his Estate.

Ful. No, Sir; find some Way, for Heaven's sake, to say it for the present Owner, by which you'll gain more Honour, than by possessing twenty times as much by Means unjustifiable.

Sir Theo. Doubt not but I will do what's right—The young Baggage's Advice begins to move me. [*Aside*]

Ful. Pray Heaven you may!

Scene changes to Mrs. Planet's.

Planet and young Plumb sitting at a Table, flinging Coffee Grounds.

Plan. Well, to be sure, Squire, you are the happiest Gentleman in the World, you have your own Luck. What a Cup is here! there are Mountains of Gold, and such Quantities of Diamonds, you'll be richer than the Great Mogul!

Plumb. This is a fresh Confirmation of your Knowledge. Now, *Planet*, can you tell me what Part of the World this Gold and Diamonds will come from?

Plan. Let me see—[*Looking on the Cup*] This is the North Side of the Cup; and here is what we call a Reach do you see that?—

Plumb. I do.

Plan. And in this Road is a *Tukatella*, which is a Waggon, and loaded with Gold; and this a small Tea-Chest full of Diamonds of immense Value, and followed by your

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young Lady on a Chestnut-Pad, who is coming to lay her Person with all these Riches at your Feet. She has a smiling Countenance, but not very handsom.

Plumb. Handsom! Pox take me, if I don't think a *Paraphernalia* of Diamonds would make even the *Swiss* Count's Sister a Beauty: Why, *Planet*, I know a certain Lady of Quality, who is as handsom as a *Cherubim*, when she's dress'd with her Diamonds, and, take her without them, she is as ugly as a *Jew*.

Plan. I wish I could see poor Lady *Hip* throw such a Cup.

Plumb. Has she such bad Luck, then?

Plan. O the worst in the World; if she was not very genteel in the Presents she makes me, I should be half ruin'd by the *Rosa solis* and *Citron Water* I am forc'd to give her to keep up her Spirits, after the dismal Appearances she meets with at the Bottom of every Cup she flings.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, Miss *Pitiful* has sent to know if you will be at Leisure about five o' Clock, and she will wait upon you.

Planet. My Service, and let her know, I'll deny myself to the whole Town to attend her. [*Exit Servant.* Poor Miss *Pitiful*!

Plumb. Why, what's the Matter with her, dear *Planet*.

Plan. O! I never tell my Customers Secrets; but you are so good, Squire, that I believe I may venture to tell you, I'm sure you won't speak of it again.

Plumb. What! doubt my Honour, *Planet*?

Plan. Why then, in short, the poor Thing is breeding by her Father's Coach-Man.

Plumb. Upon my Soul she had a very stinking Fancy.

Plan. Dear Squire, I have two more young Ladies at this very Time under the same Misfortune; No, one of them was seduced by the Postilion indeed.

Plumb. But dear *Planet*, when is it I am to meet one of these Countesses you talked of, or that handsom Alderman's Wife, our Neighbour in the City, and drink a Dish of Tea in your little Parlour, where the blue Couch is!

[*Stretching and yawning.*

Plan.

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Plan. O you naughty Thing you! D'you think I'll bring you together in my House?

Plumb. Why, if the Stars and the Coffee-Cups will have it so, you know—

Plan. Why then indeed they must be obey'd.

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, here are a Gentleman and Lady, who enquire for Squire *Plumb*. And here is Mrs. *Tabby* the Mantua-Maker.

Plan. Shew the Gentleman and Lady into the Parlour. Dear Squire, won't you please to wait upon them?

Plumb. Oui, de tout mon Cœur, allons ma Fille.

[*Exit Plumb.*]

Plan. And pray desire Mrs. *Tabby* to walk in.

Enter Tabby with a Bundle.

Tab. Dear Madam *Planet*, your most humble Servant. I presume, good Madam *Planet*, that you thought I was lost; but really, Madam, my Heart has been with you every Hour, tho' I have scarce had a Minute to myself, we have been so hurried against the Birth-Day.

Plan. O! Mrs. *Tabby*, your Trade is a very good one.

Tab. But middling really, Madam *Planet*, for we who make Mantles, are obliged to stitch for a very small Matter, for the People of Quality pay so ill, and are grown so stingy, and pinching; they do so measure their Silk when they give it out, and their Cloaths when they are brought Home, that there is no Opportunity to get any Thing by them. However, I have made a Shift, Madam, to save a little Bit here out of a Gown and Coat, that I made for the only unmeasuring Customer, I think, I have to my Back; she is indeed of an enormous Size, and too fat to love much Trouble. Pray, Madam, be pleas'd to accept of it, it will make you a charming Pair of Slippers. [*Pulls out a Piece of rich Silk of about four Yards.*]

Plan. O! it is a sweet pretty Pattern indeed. Here, *Betty*, and bring Mrs. *Tabby's* own Cup. [*Exit Servant.*]
Upon my Word it had like to have had a Mischance, my Baggage of a Maid let it fall quite to the Ground; but it had its Mistress's good Fortune, not in the least damaged.

Tab. I'm glad to hear it with all my Heart; for I dreamt two Nights ago that it was broke. Who do you think

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think I met just now ; Mercy on me. O ! but pray Madam Planet, remember I tell you my Dream before I go ; there was something so whimsical in it—But so, as I was saying, who should I meet but the Captain here, just at your Door.

Plan. You don't say so ; And what said he to you ?

Tab. Oh ! he did so hawl and pull me about, and kiss'd me, as if he would have smother'd me. You Devil, said I, I'll tear your Eyes out. You Angel, said he, I'll never let you go, if you won't promise to make me happy. And so I was forc'd to make an Appointment—but I don't design to keep it.

Plan. Why so, Mrs. Tabby ?

Tab. Because, if ever I do lose my Maidenhead, I am resolv'd it shall be fairly.

Plan. O Lud ! A Mantua-Maker, and talk of a Maidenhead ! [*Aside*] I think, Mrs. Tabby, it is fairly, when done by Consent of both Parties.

Tab. You must excuse me, Madam, if I am not of the same Opinion ; for I have a great Affection for the Marriage Ceremony, and believe I have read it a thousand Times over. If I had been a Man, and a Parson, I should have married many a poor Couple merely for Charity, and the Sake of reading the Ceremony.

Plan. It would be kind indeed, to put poor People in Fetters out of Charity ! You seem so fond of the Ceremony, I wish your Mother did not long for it when she was with Child of you.

Tab. How ! Madam Planet, I hope you don't design to affront me.

Enter Servant with a Cup.

Plan. Yes, I do, if letting you know that the Captain is your own, be to affront you. I know he is so much in your Power, that, if you don't put yourself too much in his, you may do what you will with him, even to the reading that same Ceremony you're so fond of.

Tab. You don't say so, dear Madam Planet. Well a Captain's Lady is no contemptible Thing.

Plan. Come, Will you throw our Cup ? But hold, let me shew you the new-fashion'd Toss.

Tab.

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Tab. I vow that's charming and pretty, quite genteel! Let me see if I can do so? [Throws.

Plan. You have nick'd it, upon my Word; look here where the Captain stands, with his Dog by his Side, the very Emblem of Fidelity.

Tab. Well, I protest I think it is very like him.

Plan. Like him! Child, it is he himself. Here, my Dear, is what, in our Art, we call a *Fungarbus*, which signifies a little Quarrel; but then here is a *Cockeeturbit*, which denotes a Reconcilement; and here the *Ritobito*, that's a Parson, between three *Giggimblets*, which are three Weeks; so that in less than three Weeks, you will have a slight Quarrel, be reconciled, and married to the Captain.

Tab. In less than three Weeks! I am transported.

Plan. No doubt but you will, if you steal so much Silk at a Time. *[Aside]*—Ay, Madam, if you can endure so long a Siege, to talk to you as a Captain's Lady, in the Military Way, and don't surrender your Fort sooner upon easier Terms.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, Colonel *MacSharply* is below.

Plan. Odso! I must wait upon him, you'll excuse me, dear Mrs. *Tabby*, but the Colonel is one of the best Customers I have; there is scarce a Night in the Week, that he does not bring some Lady or other to toss Cups with in my back Parlour, nay, sometimes two or three, one after another.

Tab. An *Irish* Gentleman, I suppose.

Plan. Why so?

Tab. Only by his Name.

Plan. He is so indeed, Mrs. *Tabby*.

Tab. Well, Madam, I won't stay to be troublesome, you may have a Mind to toss a Cup with him yourself perhaps, before any Body else comes. Dear Madam *Planet*—

[Gives Money]

Plan. Dear Madam *Tabby*—

Tab. Your most humble Servant.

Plan. Your most devoted.

Tab. Nay, if you offer to stir one Step—

Plan. O! give me Leave.

Tab. I'm rivetted in the Place where I stand.

Plan.

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Plan. But I must go to the Colonel.

Tab. Nay, then.

[Exit]

Plan. The silly Slut believes all I've said to be true.

Scene changes, and discovers George, Sharlot, and Julia.

Jul. My dearest *Sharlot*, this melancholy Tale has almost drawn the Tears into my Eyes. How I pity you, pity both!

Geor. And to be pitied by that Angel's Voice, turns Misery itself to pleasing Joys. O my loveliest, fairest *Julia*! what is the Loss of Fortune, since it gives me this full Proof of thy unsullied Faith and Constancy!

Jul. I wish I could prevent the Ruin of your Family.

Geor. Talk not to me of Ruin; if I possess thy Charms, the proudest Monarch of the *East* I shall account a Beggar to me, when compared in Wealth—But my poor Sister, here—

Shar. Is to be a Wretch indeed, banish'd from my Father's Love and Care, or given as a Prey to a devouring Harpy, whose Sight I loath, and whose very Touch is Poison to me.

Jul. Do not despond, my *Sharlot*, you may yet be delivered from this Harpy's Claws, and re-instated in your Father's Love: He is so good and generous in his Nature, that, when he has discover'd the Villian who basely abuses him, he will be ashamed of his Usage of you, and will sue to you for Pardon.

Shar. But that Discovery, I fear, will come too late, to save even himself from Ruin.

Jul. Fear it not. I hope to manage Matters so with my Father, that he shall delay advancing the Money he wants, till sufficient Time may be gained to find the Impostor out, and convince Sir *Solomon*, that he is ill-advised in trusting him.

Geor. Forgive me, *Julia*, that I should reflect on one so near allied to you; but sure it will be with great Difficulty, that you can overcome Sir *Theodore*'s Avarice, and prevail upon him to delay an Affair by which he is to be so great a Gainer.

Jul. I hope to satisfy him 'twill be for his Interest so to do; and that your Father's Estate had better be preserved in the two Families, by the double Marriage he once pro-

E-

pos'd,

pos'd, than one Half of it squander'd away, and so worth
thy a Man undone, when it is in his Power to prevent it.

Geor. Thou art all Wisdom, Truth, and Goodness!

Shar. But I fear one Bar to this Design, your Brother
may not perhaps come into it; for he is gone, you see, and
left me already.

Ful. You know his volatile Temper will never let him
stay long in a Place; therefore do not impute it, my Dear
to any Want of Respect.

Shar. His going thus was somewhat odd.

Ful. Not in him, 'tis what he always does.

Geor. Now, my dear *Julia*, one Thing more I have to
ask, to compleat my Happiness, which, if deny'd at this
Time, may not hereafter be in your Power to grant.

Ful. If in my present Power, conclude it done.

Geor. It is, that you will consent to be united now, this
Instant, to the Man whose Love is on the Rack, and forms
a thousand Fears of Dangers to prevent the only Hope he
has of any Joy in Life. Your Father has already shew'd
his Disinclination to me, and forbid your seeing me at home
and shortly he may, with more Severity, impose a Com-
mand upon you, which you will scarce know how to disobey.

Ful. I would not willingly disobey any Command of his
and you are now tempting me to an Act of the highest Dis-
obedience, and what too would be destructive to us both. I am
sorry to find, that your good Opinion of me is so much al-
tered, as to imagine that I would listen to any such Proposal.

Geor. Forgive the Violence of my Love; if that's
Crime, I am the guiltiest Wretch alive.

Ful. And have a Care that I don't find a Punishment
equal to your Crime.

Shar. No, my Dear, I am sure you will not think of
punishing where no Offence is meant.

Ful. At your Intercession I will forgive him this once.
But we are to consider there is no Time to be lost. [*Going*]

Geor. And must we part so soon?

Ful. I will return, or you shall hear from me by *Lettice*
Till when—

Geor. Till when, every Moment will appear a tedious
Age. All the Success attend you, that so much Goodness
can deserve.

[*Exeunt*]
ACT

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ACT IV. SCENE I.

Scene, An Ale-House at Charing-Cross.

Enter Truegood.

True. **T**HIS dirty Ale-House is, it seems, the Rendezvous of those dirty Rogues the *Projectors*. I may get some Intelligence here perhaps of that arch Villian, *Drainwell*, that may be of Service to my worthy Master, and his Family. He is safe at Home with Sir *Solomon*, and therefore can't discover my being here; and Men of this Sort, whatever Friendship they may profess, never fail of abusing, that is, telling the Truth of one another, when they are not together.

Enter Drawer.

Hearkee, Drawer.

Draw. Do you call, Master?

True. Have you not a Set of Gentlemen use your House, who attend here at the *Cockpit* for the Service of the Publick?

Drawer. The *Schemers*; yes, yes, Sir, they have a Club here, and have just now done Dinner.

True. Is there no Possibility of being introduced to take a Pot among them?

Draw. They are very shy of Strangers, Sir,

True. But I am one who wish them well.

Draw. A new *Schemer* I warrant.

[Aside.

True. See how you can contrive it, and here's something to satisfy your Trouble.

[Gives something.

Draw. A Shilling by this Light! 'Tis plain he has not been a *Schemer* long, if he had, he would have been more likely to have borrowed one. *[Aside]* You're very generous, Sir, I don't know what the Gentlemen need be afraid of, they are in the Verge, and I'm sure you're no Marshal's Man. Be pleas'd to follow me, and I'll introduce you handsomly.

[Exeunt.

Scene changes, the Projectors at a Table.

Tarr. Come, Gentlemen, tho' our Dinner has been served up in a homely Way, yet it was much better than to dine,

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dine, as some of us did Yesterday, upon Duke *Humphry's* Bench in the *Park*.

Shirt. O! we have had a special Dinner; And what if we should now call for more Drink, with Pipes and Tobacco?

Tarr. Hold, good Mr. *Shirtless*, it may not be amiss first to examine our Pockets. That honest Gentleman there, who is studying for the perpetual Motion, has put the Pot about so quick, that I'm afraid I'm at the Length of my Tether. And tho' there is no Gentleman here, but could lay a Scheme for raising a Million or two for the Publick, yet, in our private Capacities, we cannot so easily raise Money for a Reckoning.

Shirt. Oh! don't let the Fear of that spoil good Company. Mr. *Tarrier*, if we can't muster up the Money, you shall be my Guest, I'll run my Face for you. What! I paid my Landlord a Score of Fourteen Pence but Yesterday.

[Gets up and struts.

Tarr. Then true Magnanimity and Friendship, I find, has not quite forsaken the World. Who knows what this Club may come to, since one of its Members is already invested with Regal Authority; I mean, his Majesty of *Corfica*.

Shirt. Whose Score my Landlord has yet in his Bar. But come, Gentlemen, What say ye to a Song? Shall we entreat the Favour of this Gentleman—

All Proj. By all Means.

1st Proj. I should be glad to oblige the good Company; but you are to expect no *Italian* Singing; a common *English* Ballad is all I pretend to.

2d Proj. Hang your *Italian* Capons, a Ballad, a Ballad!

S O N G.

I.

*Projectors and Chymists, say some without Joke,
Spend all their Lives' Time, but in Air and in Smoke;
But what do your rich Men, who heap up great Store,
For others to use, I pray now, do more?*

Derry down, down, down, derry down,

II. The

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II.

*The Chiefs of the Law, from the Bar to the Bench,
Who puzzle their Pates with Law-Quibbles, Law-
French;*

*Rake Pence up oftimes with great Labour and Care,
To make Ducks and Drakes by a lawless young Heir.
Derry down, &c.*

III.

*The Soldier, who hunts after Honour and Fame,
And forfeits his Life but to purchase a Name,
Is sure a Projector far idler than we,
For he gets but, at last, what he never shall see.*

Derry down, &c.

IV.

*Great Lords, who build Houses they never come near,
Might as well have built Castles, you know, in the Air;
And some that have Eloquence, which they're most glib
in,*

*Think their Pains are well paid by a Bit of Silk Ribbon.
Derry down, &c.*

V.

*The Fop, who with Pride only aims at Respect,
On Mercers and Taylors does daily project;
But when that he's cover'd all over with Lace
Unpaid for, he's sure to meet nought but Disgrace.*

Derry down, &c.

VI.

*By Projects we live, and by Projects we rise,
The rich Men we chouse, and the Poor we despise;
Yet no Man has ever compleated his Scheme,
But all the World lives, as it were, in a Dream.*

Derry down, &c.

Enter Drawer and Truegood.

[Drawer whispers 1st Projector.]

True. Set ye merry, Gentlemen. I hope you will excuse this Intrusion of a Stranger; but hearing that some of the choice Spirits of the Age meet here, I have long had an Ambition to be admitted into your Society. I have likewise some Business with Mr. Drainwell, whom I suppose ye all know.

1st Proj.

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1st Proj. You are welcome, Sir, to this Society; but I do not know him.

Tarr. Drainwell! Nor I.

Shirt. Nor I.

4th Proj. Nor I.

2d Proj. Nor I.

Draw. aside] I have list'd him, and I'll warrant they'll make him pay his Footing. [Exit.

True. I'm surpris'd that none of you should know him: He has lately found out the *Grand Elixir*, and has likewise an Engine that would drain the Thames dry in 24 Hours. I have about 2000 *l.* by me, that I would willingly go with him in either of these Projects.

1st Proj. Drainwell—A Bite, I warrant for him; you see there are none of us know him—But hearkee, Sir, if you will put your Money where it may be safe—there's either of the Patent Iron-Works.

[Projectors all come about him.

2d Proj. Rot your Patent Iron-Works! they have ruin'd a Thousand already. Sir, I'll help you to a Share in a Mine of rich Copper-Ore lately discovered.

1st Proj. I'll sell you a Patent for extracting Silver from Lead, which was never made Use of.

3d Proj. Meer Bubbles! worse than any in the Year Twenty. I, Sir, can extract Silver from a certain Substance that will cost nothing.

True. Can you, Sir? I am heartily glad on it; be quick in getting a Patent for it, and then I'm sure you won't want Money.

Shirt. Mind none of them, Sir; I have e'en almost found out the *Longitude*, and only want much about the Sum you mention, to make Two or Three Experiments, that would compleat the Discovery.

True. So then Part of my Two thousand Pounds is to be blown up on *Hamstead-Heath*, I suppose.

4th Proj. Sar, me be de Sharman Chymist, who have de Vater for taking off de Hair of de Beard, or de Head, met so much Expedition, 'twill saave de whole *English* Nation so close, so close, for no Expence, me sell you de Secret to make it.

True. Indeed, Mynheer, I'll not purchase it.

4th Proj.

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4th Proj. Vell, vat you say now for de Secret to make *Vard's* Pill and Drop.

Sly. Confound your physical Bubbles and Jesuitical Projects! I, Sir, have here a Scheme that will bring in three Millions to the Treasury; 'tis so useful a Thing, that the Publick will petition for it, as they did for the *Por Act*. Now, for your Two thousand Pounds, you shall have the Half of the *Gratuity-Money*, and be the Receiver-*G.neral*.

Shirt. To be sure, Sir, methinks you are very fond of a *Sinecure*, to purchase one at that Rate. You'll have nothing to do indeed.

Sly. You are an ungenerous Person, to hinder a Man in the Sale of his Goods; you should have paid me what you ow'd me, before you had taken this Step. [*In a Passion.*]

True. No Passion, good Sir, for none of your Schemes please me, and, to be short with you, Gentlemen, I will be concerned in no Project but *Drainwell's*.

Shirt. O! 'Tis mighty well, Sir, since you are determined. The Offer I made, was for your own Advantage, more than mine; I shall not be long in raising such a trifling Sum.

1st Proj. I fancy this *Drainwell* must be the Man I saw this Morning at *White-hall*, talking to an old Country Gentleman; and, if so, I'm sure he is a Bite.

True. Had that old Country Gentleman a brown Coat on, lac'd with Gold?

1st Proj. He had.

True. And how are you assur'd the other is a Bite?

1st Proj. Because I over-heard him tell that Gentleman, that he had done his Business this Morning with the Board, when, to my Knowledge, he was never once called in, nor was once out of the Lobby, where he spoke to no Body but *Principle*, who seem'd to claim a former Acquaintance with him—But here comes *Principle*, who may give you a better Account of him.

Enter Principle.

1st Proj. Your Servant, Mr. *Principle*, I thought we should have had your good Company to Dinner.

Prin. Dinner! Zoons I have been as far as *Exchange-Alley*, and made such a Fool of—

Air-castle!

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Air-castle. What, by that Stranger who was among us this Morning. I observed he seem'd to send you of an Errand in a great Hurry.

Prin. Of an Errand, Mr. *Air-castle*! We were to dine together, as he told me, at Sir *John Falstaff's* Head.

Air-castle. Oh! And so you only call'd at *Exchange-Alley*, in your Way, to get you a Stomach. But, begging your Pardon for that Expression, how was it he made Fool of you?

Prin. Why, he desired the Favour of me, upon the Foot of Friendship and old Acquaintance, to do a little Business for him in the City, and then we were to meet and dine together at the *Falstaff's* Head: But I am now convinc'd this was all a sham Scheme, contriv'd to get me out of the Way, for fear I should blow him.

Air-castle. How so?

Prin. Because when I came into the City, there was no such Person to be found as he sent me to; nor, when I came back, had he been to bespeak any Dinner: But, ever I set Eyes on him again, he shall pay for it; the Rogue knows I could hang him.

True. I am glad to hear that. [*Aside*].—Pray, Sir, is not this worthy Gentleman's Name *Drainwell*?

Prin. It may be at present; but, when I first knew him, he called himself *Snareall*; and, having drawn in an honest Gentleman, one Sir *Credulous Vainhope*, to advance a large Sum of Money, on a Pretence of having found out the Philosophers Stone, and afterwards robb'd him of a considerable Quantity of Jewels, he brush'd off, and got out of the Reach of all Enquiry; but Sir *Credulous*, being since dead, I find he is come home again, and hopes, I suppose, by the Help of a borrowed Name, to escape Punishment.

True. Did this Sir *Credulous* leave no Heirs?

Prin. Yes, a Son, or two.

True. Sir, if you will bring me to one of those Sons, and will stand to what you say, I'll promise to do that for you, which shall satisfy more than your Revenge for the Affront he has put upon you.

Prin. I'll do it.

True. Here are five Guineas as an Earnest; and if we succeed

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succeed in a Design, that I'll acquaint you with as we go along, I'll make those five, a hundred.

Prin. A hundred Guineas, Sir! What, a hundred and five Pounds!

True. Ay, a hundred and five Pounds.

Prin. I'll do it; then farewell all Projectors and Projects; for I should never have seen a real hundred Pounds by them; tho' they are daily dreaming of Millions. [*Aside*]—Sir, I am ready to attend you. A hundred and five Pounds, you say?

True. Ay, come along, Sir.

Prin. To the End of the World.

True. No, only to *Falstaff's Head* at present, till we have concerted Measures. Ha! thou art an honest Lad, come along. [*Exeunt Prin. and True,*

Enter Pamphlet new dress'd.

Tarr. Hey toss! What a Metamorphosis is here! *Pamphlet* as fine as a Lord!

Pamph. Mr. *Tarrier*, your Servant; Mr. *Shirtless*, I kifs your Hand; Mr. *Machine*, your most obedient; my dear Friend Mr. *Air-castle*! How proud am I to meet so many of my worthy Friends and Acquaintance together!

All the Proj. We are proud to see you.

Tarr. What will this World come to! Here is a Fellow got into a lac'd Coat, that was even too low to get into the DUNCIAD. [*Aside*]—This Change in your Dress, Mr. *Pamphlet*, seems to denote an Alteration in your Affairs, I heartily congratulate you upon it.

Pamph. I am now, Gentlemen, list'd on the other Side, I will let some People soon feel the Sharpness of that Pen they have so long slighted. I have met with an honest Bookseller, who has advanced a pretty handsome Sum of Money to me, as a retaining Fee, and was impatient till I came to let my Friends share with me in my good Fortune.

Shirt. You call'd first, I see, upon your old Friend in Monmouth-Street.

Pamph. Hold your Tongue, I don't deal, as you do, in Rag Fair.

Shirt. The same good humour'd Creature still. I find
F Lace

Lace and Embroidery have no ill Effects upon a good Understanding. . But, dear *Pamphlet*, now you're so fine, you have it in your Power to do me a great Piece of Service.

Pamph. Conclude it done.

Shirt. 'Tis only to call upon my Landlady, you know the House, just by here, and ask if I'm at home.

Pamph. What! would you make an *April-Fool* of me?

Shirt. No, it will be of real Service to me. Knock very hard at the Door; and then my Landlady appears in Person; you ask her if Squire *Shirtless* is at home, she answers, No; then you must tell her in a haughty Tone, that you come from the Right Honourable, you know who—

Pamph. Very well.

Shirt. That he gives his most humble Service to me, hopes I got well home last Night, that he is a little indisposed, or would have waited on me himself; that Cash is a little low at present, but—

Pamph. O Lud! this will never do.

Shirt. Well, Say it your own Way; but be sure to let her know, that I shall have an Order for my Money in three Weeks. There are three Weeks gain'd, and I'll take Care the Order shall be for six Weeks more.

Pamph. O! I understand you; these are little Acts of Friendship that we are obliged to do for one another. You may do the same for me when you have a lac'd Coat, and I may happen to be Squire *Shirtless*, in your Condition.

Shirt. Which I hope will be very speedily, that I may have it in my Power to testify my Gratitude.

Pamph. Well, I'll obey your Instructions: And, when I come back again, we'll have something that's handsom to eat and to drink; I pay the whole Reckoning; for you know my Humour, I can't write one Line while I have a Halfpenny left in my Pocket. [Exit Pamphlet.

Shirt. Yes, thou art so rare a Fellow in thy own Oeconomy, that thou art likely to give special Advice for regulating the Affairs of a Nation. What say ye, Gentlemen, shall we go into the best Room? *Pamphlet* is resolv'd to treat: He has the Cole upon him, and Faith it burns in his Pocket.

All.

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All. Ay, ay, the best Room, here Landlord! Drawer! Shew the ready Money Room.

Scene changes to the Falstaff's Head.

Enter Drainwell and Drawer.

Drain. The Gentleman, you say, did not talk of coming again, nor leave Word where he was going.

Drain. How unlucky is this! For tho' I did not design at first to have met him, yet when I consider how much I am in his Power, it may be dangerous to provoke him—Ha! and what do I see to blast my Sight, and fix my Ruin! *Truegood*, Sir *Solomon's* Steward, and he together. There's something more dreadful in that Conjunction, than my worst Fears could have suggested—What is to be done!

Draw. Sir, here is that same Gentleman just come into the House with another.

Drain. I see it: When they are got into a Room, tell the Person who came in last, that here is one must needs speak with him immediately, upon extraordinary Business.

Draw. I will, Sir.

[*Exit Drawer.*]

Drain. I hope it is not gone too far; if he has not yet discover'd me, I must some how prevent it; my all, nay, my Life depends on it—I will bribe high, and if that don't bring him over, he must have more Virtue than his Betters—

Enter Principle.

Dear *Principle*!

Prin. Mr. *Snarecall*, have not—

Drain. *Drainwell*, if you please, that's my real Name.

Prin. Well, Mr. *Drainwell* then, have not you—us'd me very ill, do you think?

Drain. I own it, dear *Principle*, and am ashamed that I could not possibly come to my Appointment sooner.

Prin. Did you then come to meet me now?

Drain. Upon my Honour I did; ask the Drawer if I did not enquire for you at my first coming.

Prin. Then I'm sorry I've done what I have.

Drain. Made no Discovery, I hope! for that Man you came in with, is the greatest Enemy I have in the World.

Prin.

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Prin. I know it; and was just upon the Point of telling him all I know. He has given me these five Guineas—

Drain. There's ten, and ten more makes twenty. But thou [*gives Money*] hast not betray'd me yet—

Prin. No, we had not sat down, before you sent for me; but those five Guineas were to be made a hundred—

Drain. I'll make them Two hundred, Five hundred, any Thing to preserve your Friendship. But what were you to do for that hundred Guineas?

Prin. Only to make a Secret known to him, that would hang you—which I must needs own, in the Heat of my Resentment, I had promis'd to do—but now, I'll hang my self first.

Drain. Give me thy Hand, my own Fortune's made, and I'll make thine; but what will you do with the old Man within?

Prin. Bite the old Prig, I'll go near him no more; but go along with you.

Drain. That may cause Suspicion, and make him the stricter in his Enquiries after us. It would be better to go into the Room to him again in a Hurry, and make a Pretence of some extraordinary Accident happening, that occasions your leaving him so abruptly; but you may promise to meet him again To-morrow—Before which Time, I'll take Care, that one, or both of you, shall be poisoned. [*Aside.*]

Prin. I'll do as you say.

Drain. And I'll wait for you in the *Meuse*. [*Exeunt.*]
Scene changes, discovers young Plumb, George, Julia, and Sharlot, rising from Cards.

Plumb. Well, Sister, I hope you won't upbraid me any more with Want of Complaisance or Patience, when I have sat three Quarters of an Hour with you at drowsy *Quadrille*. I should never have been able to keep my Eyes open, if it had not been to steal a Look now and then at this fair Lady.

Shar. You're now carrying your Complaisance to a great Length indeed, Sir.

Plumb. Let me perish, Madam, if I don't think you have a Million of Charms.

Geor.

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Geor. Have a Care, *Plumb*, you don't make her too vain; for tho' my Sister has a great deal of good Sense, yet Flattery is what few Men, and no Woman, is Proof against.

Plumb. *Sharlot* is so beautiful, so agreeable, and so every Thing in the World that one can desire, that she is not to be flatter'd—but supposing it otherwise, since, as you say, no Woman is Proof against Flattery, then certainly that's the proper Weapon to attack her with.

Geor. Not at all, 'tis using Arms that will recoil upon yourself; for, by raising the Lady's Vanity, you often Times create a Tyrant, who will be sure to treat you like a Slave.

Plumb. But I expect to be flatter'd in my Turn, and then, you know, we're upon an equal Footing.

Jul. Thou vain Thing! what is it possible for any Woman to see in thee, that can make her flatter you?

Plumb. O! Madam, your humble Servant, I see you don't design it.

Shar. But, to shew I am not one of the Tyrants my Brother speaks of, I shan't scruple to own, that I have as high an Opinion of Mr. *Plumb*, as he can possibly have of me, or any one else, but himself.

Plumb. Ah! my Princess, my Goddess!

Jul. O! the stupid Thing! she banters him, and he don't perceive it. [*Aside.*]

Plumb. I am afraid my Time's come, and I must be forced to steal myself away from the good Company—I have an Appointment—

Shar. With some Lady, I suppose, Mr. *Plumb*?

Plumb. Jealous, by all the Powers! [*Aside.*]—A Lady! alas a-day! Madam, I am the most unfortunate Fellow breathing; the Ladies are so cruel, I have never any Appointments—

Geor. But what you have more Honour than to discover.

Plumb. O! never any at all—Dear *George*, my Lord *Mudbrains* and I are to meet two the sweetest Harlots—I wish you would go with us. [*Aside to George.*]

Geor. A pretty Secret to be whisper'd to his Mistress's Brother, I must own! [*Aside.*]—If you had three, *Plumb*; but, however, I am engaged,

Plumb.

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Plumb. You have been long enough in Town, to find out a pretty Wench for your self, I see.

Geor. I shall be with the Lady, whom of all others I most esteem—and that, as a Secret, is your Sister.

Plumb. Ah! *Toujours Chapon bouillé.* An honourable Mistress is to me as insipid as Bread-Sauce, and as little entertaining as any old News Paper—or the last new Comedy of *All alive and merry*; but, *chacun a sa guise.* Ladies, I am your most obedient—

Ful. I can't say my Brother's going away thus, tho' a little unpolitely, is altogether displeasing to me; for we should have found it difficult to have brought him into our Measures, he has such an Opinion of *Drainwell* and his Projects.

Geor. And what have we to hope? Is Sir *Theodore* still ready to advance the Money?

Ful. I have used all the Arguments I could think of to dissuade him from it, but I fear to little Purpose.

Enter Truegood.

Geor. Mr. *Truegood.*

True. My honoured young Master! Madam *Sharlot*! O that I should live to see this Day! your Father is on the Brink of Ruin; he has sent to me to bring the Writings of his Estate this Evening to Sir *Theodore*, who, upon advancing a Sum of Money, is to have his whole Estate made over to him.

Geor. Is there no Way to delay it? A Day or two may produce some Discovery that may prevent this threatening Destruction.

True. I am but a Servant, Sir, and must obey.

Geor. My Sister then is utterly undone, there's not the least Provision made for her.

True. Not quite undone. I have it my Power still to hinder that; I have no Heirs to give the Fortune which I have acquired in the Family, and that I promise shall be her's.

Geor. Thou generous, worthy Man!

Shar. And kinder than a Father.

True. I will do more; I'm no Stranger, Sir, to your Passion for this virtuous young Lady, and have often heard

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you say, there was not the least Blemish in her, but being the Daughter of that fordid Man, Sir *Theodore*.

Geor. Truogood! As thou lovest me, say no more.

True. Excuse me, Sir, if I add the Name of base and tricking Villain.

Jul. Can I hear my Father spoken of in Terms like these!

True. No, fair Lady, it is not fit that you should hear, or I should use them in your Presence, if he *was* your Father.

Jul. If he was! What can those Words import?

True. Have not you often heard my Master mention, Sir; an old departed Friend of his, call'd *Trueman*, an honest Gentleman, with a large Estate?

Geor. I have.

True. Had that Mr. *Truaman* liv'd, I dare affirm, he would have made no other Choice for this his Daughter, than she has for herself; he would have wish'd a Happiness no greater in this Life, than to see her married to the Son of one he valued like Sir *Solomon*.

Jul. I am all Amazement!

True. Your Mother, Madam, whose Beauty and whose excellent Endowments you inherit, even without the Example of her virtuous Life, died in Child-Bed, some few Hours after you was born: Your real Father (*an honourable Man he was!*) could not long survive so great a Loss.

Geor. Go on; this Story is fraught with Wonder.

True. When, on his Death-Bed, he took you in his Arms, and calling Sir *Theodore* to him, he bequeath'd you to his care, and left his whole Estate to him, if you should die before you came of Age. Myself, a Witness to this Act, and joint Executor with Sir *Theodore*, have kept the Secret all this Moment.

Jul. O wonderful!

[*Looking on each other with Amazement.*]

True. If you had died, the Estate was his; but living, as you have, to one and twenty Years of Age, this base Foster-Father offer'd one third Part to me, to let the Sinner still be buried in Oblivion, having always bred you as his own, and so far, indeed, perform'd the Will of your deceased Father. I am now ready to see that he gives with me a just Account of the joint Trust, with all the Arrears that are your Due.

Jul.

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Ful. O matchless Honesty!

Geor. Thou Father to us all!

Sbar. How can we pay Acknowledgments enough for so much Goodness! My boding Heart too seems to tell me, that this good Man, who has done so much for us, will find some Way to save my Father.

True. Doubt it not. I hope, before the Time is come to sign the fatal Writings, I shall have it in my Power to lay the Villain *Drainwell* open to his View, and shew him in such horrid Colours, that he shall start and loath the Picture of a Monster that he once placed next his Heart, to prey upon his Vitals.

Geor. That would be to make thy Acts of Justice all compleat.

True. I will not rest till 'tis done; farewell, my Children, indulge an old Man's Fondness, who presumes to use that Name.

Ful. You are a Father to us all.

True. Once more farewell, and Heaven shed its choicest Blessings on ye.

Sbar. A thousand Blessings on that Tongue.

[Exit *Truegood*]

Geor. That Tongue has given us all new Life.

Ful. I am indeed new-born—But methinks I would not have my Father, still I must call him so, I would not have him hurt.

Geor. But Justice you would have him do.

Ful. I hope he ne'er meant otherwise.

Geor. Thou, who art all Perfection, scarce knows how to see the Guilt of others. O my loved *Julia*! Every Moment that I am with thee, my Admiration and my Flame increase.

*Thou loveliest Pattern of thy lovely Sex,
Who Guilt abhors, no Vanities perplex,
Of ev'ry Virtue, ev'ry Charm possessest,
With such a Partner, how would Life be blest!
Were all the Fair with Julia's Prudence grac'd,
No more the Marriage-State should be debas'd:
But ev'ry Witling and licentious Fool,
One darling Topick lose of Ridicule.*

ACT

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ACT V. SCENE I.

Sir Theodore Plumb Solus.

THree thousand Pounds a Year good Land, at twenty Years Purchase, an improveable Estate, with large Coal-Works upon it, is a good Bargain; Sir Solomon, without doubt, might have made much more of it; but he is in Haste for the ready Money to melt down in his Projector's Furnace. With this Estate, and what I have already, if I knew how to be satisfied with getting, I might retire into the Country and live happily: But will Conscience let me do so, when my Friend is quite ruined, as ruined he must be in a very short Time, and I have got his Estate for so much less than the Value of it? This Conscience is truly a very troublesome Companion, I would I were a Courtier, that I might get rid of it. I have had but little Acquaintance with her in London, and I think I shall hardly take her down, if I can help it, to rob me of my Quiet in the Country. Besides, if I was not to purchase this Estate, Sir Solomon is in such a Hurry for the Money, he might carry it to a worse Market—There's a Salvo for Conscience. One Half of what I am worth already, I have wrong'd my Ward of, I have now and then a Twinge for that; but have I not bred her as my own Daughter, and intend to give her Four or Five thousand Pounds, with which she may marry some honest Gentleman, who may live comfortably with her; whereas, if she was to have all her Father left her, she might become the Prey of some needy Man of Quality, who might spend it on Whores and Horses; and her Ladyship, like Sir Richard Landless, have nothing left but the Title of a Right Honourable—Beggars. So that what I have done, has been for her own Interest—And there's another Salvo for Conscience. This Rogue Truegood's having a Share with me in Julia's Estate, is the greatest Plague I have at present. If I could save it, by knocking him on the Head conveniently, without Danger of the Law, I believe I could find a Salvo for that too. Here comes the Rogue, I must be civil to him, tho' I would go a good Journey to see him at the Gallows.

G

Enter

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Enter Truegood.

Mr. *Truegood*, your Servant.

True. Sir *Theodore*, I am yours.

Sir *Theo.* Well, Mr. *Truegood*, Have you got the Writings ready of Sir *Solomon's* Estate? The Deeds of Conveyance, and all other Instruments are engrossed, and I expect him every Minute to execute them.

True. I have obey'd my Master's Commands, Sir, and brought them as he has ordered; but I wish he had taken a little more Time to have considered what he is about. And I must needs say, Sir *Theodore*, I am somewhat surpris'd, that you, who are his Friend, should be the Purchaser of his Estate.

Sir *Theo.* In that he shews himself my Friend, to let me have the Refusal of it; and as he was resolved to sell, Why may not I be the Purchaser sooner than another?

True. But had you advis'd him not to be so hasty, Time might have produced some Means to prevent his Ruin.

Sir *Theo.* And so I lose my Bargain: No, I thank you for that. You and I happen to differ widely in our Sentiments; you are for Delays, and I think no Time is to be lost.

True. Greedy Monster! [*Aside*] But will not Kindness for a Friend, or Conscience—

Sir *Theo.* As to Conscience, honest Mr. *Truegood*, I design to make you a handsom Gratuity for your Trouble in bringing the Writings; and as to Kindness for a Friend, you know we both profess'd a Friendship and a great Kindness to Mr. *Trueman*—

True. 'Tis true, we did: Well, Sir *Theodore*, I must do as you would have me, we know each other; but in Thing I am safe, you cannot impeach me without betraying yourself.

Sir *Theo.* I own it—but, as you say, since we know each other, away with these pretended Scruples, and don't think of offering any of your sage Advice to your Master; he's resolute, and 'twill be but thrown away upon him.

Enter Sir Solomon.

Sir *Sol.* Sir *Theodore*, your Servant; so *Truegood*, have you got the Writings ready, as I ordered.

True.

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True. I have, Sir.

Sir Sol. And has your Lawyer, *Sir Theodore*, dispatched the Deeds?

Sir Theo. All finished and engross'd.

Sir Sol. Then we want only my Friend *Mr. Drainwell*. I cannot find him yet, but he'll be here.

Sir Theo. Odso! nothing can be done without him, on Account of the Assignment: What if he should disappoint us, or refuse to part with it?

Sir Sol. He will refuse nothing I would have him do, and were he not the honest Man, I know him to be, it could not be of so much Advantage to him to keep the Assignment as to part with it, because the whole Money is to be lodged with him.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, *Mr. Scareum*, the Constable, has brought a Woman to be examined by your Worship, for a Cheat, *Mrs. Partridge Planet*, the famous Fortune-Teller in Coffee-Grounds.

Sir Theo. I granted no Warrant against any such Person.

Serv. No, Sir, she was taken up by a Warrant from Justice *Snackit*; but he's not at Home.

Sir Theo. Well, bring her in; you will excuse me, *Sir Solomon*, I shall dispatch this Affair before *Mr. Drainwell* comes.

Sir Sol. By all Means, it may be pleasant to hear her Examination—I wonder where *Drainwell* can be tho'; minding Business I'll warrant.

True. Sir, I saw him not Half an Hour ago, and will undertake to bring him and your Writings together, by that Time *Sir Theodore* has dispatched the Business he's going upon. *[Exit Truegood.]*

Sir Theo. Bring in the Prisoner.

Const. Bring her along.

Enter Mrs. Planet, Constable, and two or three more.

[Sir Theodore sits down.]

Sir Theo. Well, Woman, What is your Name?

Plan. Partridge Planet, may it please your Worship.

Sir Theo. Ay, ay, I have heard of you. A most notorious Woman, that defrauds poor credulous young Girls, by pretend-

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pretending to tell their Fortunes. It is high Time to make an Example of you. I will see you punished, Hussy, to the utmost Rigour of the Law. Who has any Thing to say against her?

1st Woman. An't please your Worship, she prevailed upon me, who had a very handsom Fortune, to marry one Colonel *MacSharply*, as she called him, and I have since found out, that he had nine Wives before, and all living.

Sir Theo. Mercy on me! most of them of this vile Woman's procuring, I'll warrant.

1st Woman. I can't say as to that; but it is very likely.

Sir Theo. Oh! 'tis past all Doubt. Thou abominable Woman! Thou Bawd of the first Magnitude! What! you can resolve all lawful Questions, I'll warrant—

Plan. If the Gentleman has married nineteen Wives, that's his Crime, and not mine. I knew not he was married before, nor can I believe it now. This Lady was so very eager for a Husband, that when I had once mentioned the Colonel to her, and they became acquainted, I am sure it would not have been in my Power to break off the Match.

Sir Theo. How came you to know this infamous Woman at first, Madam? Speak out, you seem to be a worthy Person, whose Case ought to be particularly considered.

1st Woman. I must own, Sir, I went to her at first, only to ask a civil Question.

Sir Theo. What Question?

1st Woman. I can't deny but that it was something about a Husband, indeed, Sir.

Const. Let his Worship know how it was.

1st Woman. To tell the Truth, I had not the good Fortune of having any Body come to me in that Way, and thinking it somewhat long, I went to know if any Body would come.

Sir Theo. And she, to be sure, took Pity on your Misfortune.

1st Woman. She did so.

Sir Theo.

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Sir Theo. And we shall take Care of her. But in what Manner did she help you?

1st Woman. She told me of this Gentleman, this Rogue, I mean, that has ruined me. She described him to me, and said, if I went to *Bedlam*, the next Day at Three o'Clock, I should see him there, and he would offer me his Hand to put me into a Coach.

Sir Theo. Very well.

1st Woman. No, Sir, it was very ill. For I, tho' I had never been at *Bedlam* in my Life, was impatient till I went, where I found the Man she told me of, and he indeed not only offered me his Hand, but forced himself into the Coach to me, to see me safe Home, as he pretended.

Sir Theo. Go on.

1st Woman. Being persuaded that this was certainly the Man I was to have, your Worship may be sure I did every Thing to appear to the best Advantage: I shewed my Jewels and my Plate, and all I had, particularly a Pair of Silver Candlesticks, with one of which, by the same Token, he broke my Head before we had been married a Fortnight.

Sir Theo. I wonder you kept them so long. But, no doubt of it, this Woman and all her Gang are alike.

Enter Servant, and gives Sir Theodore a Letter.

You see I am busy.

Sir. But the Person who brought it, says, it is an Affair that requires your instant Perusal.

Sir Theo. Ha! what's this! Constable, wait with your Prisoner till I have read this. [Comes forward] A Letter and a Ring from the Prisoner now under Examination! This is new. [Reads.]

Most Worshipful Sir,

A Warrant being granted against me by Justice Snackit, I have prevailed with the Constable to bring me before your Worship, knowing, from the great Character of your good Sense, and equitable Proceedings, I shall have Justice done me, without any of that ill Treatment I might expect from a Person of less Understanding.

I beg

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I beg your Acceptance of the Ring inclosed; it is a Brilliant, but not of so large a Size as you may hereafter expect from

Your Worship's injured humble Servant,

PARTRIDGE PLANET.

Ha! A very well-bred sensible Woman, I find by this Letter. [*Sits down again*]—Well, come let us hear what farther you have to say, Mistress.

1st Wom. That's all, and it please your Worship; I only hope you'll make this wicked Woman discover where my Husband is.

Sir Theo. But has this Gentlewoman extorted any Money from you?

1st Wom. I can't say that; what I gave her was voluntarily.

Sir Theo. How, voluntarily! Then what is it you complain of? I don't see you have any Thing to say against her. If you go and fling yourself away upon an idle Fellow, I can't find she is to blame in it. Why truly you came first acquainted with him in her House, so you might in a Church, so you might in a Church, Woman. Stand aside.

2d Wom. I, Sir, have a Complaint against her of a quite different Sort; for she has taken a great Deal of Money from me, and help'd me to no Husband at all.

Sir Theo. What, would you have her condemned both Ways, for helping Women to Husbands, and for not helping them? All frivolous and vexatious. The Gentlewoman looks like a Person of very civil Deportment. Constable, I dismiss the Warrant; I don't find she is charged with any Thing.

Plan. Your Worship is a merciful Man, and an Honour to the Commission.

Sir Theodore aside] That other Ring, Mrs. Planet, is larger than this, you say.

Plan. Of double the Value, and shall be at your Worship's Service.

Sir Theo. Constable, you may go. Mrs. Planet, your humble Servant. [*Exeunt Constable, Planet, &c.*]

Sir Sol. Odso, Sir Theodore, you are too favourable; that

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that Fortune-telling Woman is a wicked Person, I believe.

Sir *Theo.* I have some Reasons for what I have done, the Woman has Virtues that I am sensible of.

Enter Truegood.

True. Mr. *Drainwell* will be here instantly; but, in the mean Time, let me intreat your Leave, my worthy Master, to introduce a Gentleman and Lady to you, who deserve your best Esteem.

Enter George and Sharlot.

Geor. and *Sbar.* We humbly beg your Blessing, Sir.
[kneeling.]

Sir *Sol.* How come you here?

Geor. Turned out of Doors, where should we seek for Shelter, but from a Father?

Sir *Sol.* You have abused that Father.

Geor. Forbid it Heaven! No, Sir, we honour you, and never fail'd in our Obedience to you.

Sir *Sol.* You have abused my Friend, the worthy Man that I have plac'd a Confidence in, and that's abusing me.

Geor. The vile Scoundrel! whom we both must hate for his imposing on you, 'tis he abuses you.

Sir *Sol.* Out of my Sight! I will not hear him treated thus. Do ye still continue in this presumptuous Disobedience, and come to ask my Blessing? Away, I henceforth esteem you not as mine.

True. Mr. *Drainwell*, Sir, will soon be here, and then you'll plainly see who 'tis has been abus'd: In the mean Time, Sir *Theodore*, as you were just now acting in the Capacity of a Magistrate, I beg you will be pleas'd to grant a Friend of mine a Warrant, against a Villian who has robb'd him of some thousand Pounds. Mr. *Vainhope*!

Enter Vainhope.

Sir *Theo.* What is your Pleasure, Sir, with me?

Vain. It is to grant your Warrant, Sir, to bring before you the Body of one *Robert Snareall*, a notorious Cheat, who obtained the Sum of five thousand Pounds from my Father, the late Sir *Credulous Vainhope*, under false Colours and Pretences.

Sir *Theo.* What Colours and Pretences?

Vain. To make him Master of the Philosophers Stone;
and

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and by melting a hundred small Diamonds, to reduce them to one.

Sir Sol. Ha! *Truegood*, this is your Contrivance to bring this Fellow to be examined here, to put me out of Conceit with *Drainwell's* Project, but it will not answer the End proposed. I know there have been many Frauds of this Sort; yet do not those impeach the Honour and Honesty of my Friend, whose Truth I'll answer for.

True. Speak not too rashly, Sir. This Man had every Way as good a Character as *Drainwell*, till his Imposture was detected.

Sir Theo. How shall we know the Man is as you represent him to be?

Vain. From his Examination, and the Testimony of undeniable Evidence. When he had succeeded in his Fraud, he made his Escape, and went Abroad; but hearing since of my Father's Death, I suppose, he ventured home again, and has, as I'm inform'd, since his Return, been practising on other worthy Persons. I have a Charge of Felony against him too; but, as to that, my Evidence is not yet in Readiness. He is now in the Hands of the Constable, and waits without.

Sir Theo. Let him be brought in. [*To the Clerk*] Swear the Gentleman.

Vain. Here, Mr. Constable, bring in your Prisoner.

Clerk to Sir Theo. Sir, the Woman, that swore the Bastard-Child against the rich old Jew, has taken away the Book with her.

Sir Theo. See for another.

Clerk. I have sought the House over, and there's not a Word of Gospel to be found. I have one of the Volumes of the *Spectators*, bound like a Testament.

[*Pulls out a Book*.

Sir Theo. Come, it must serve for once.

Enter Drainwell, Constable, and others.

[*Clerk swears Mr. Vainhope.*]

Sir Sol. How! what do I see! This Rogue, *Truegood*, has suborn'd Witnesses to swear against him. Fear not, my Friend, I'll stand by you.

Drain. Sir Solomon, you are mistaken, the Facts are but too plain against me; I have wrong'd this Gentleman's Father,

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ther, it will avail me nothing to go about to deny what I have done; I own the Accusation. And, doing so, I hope he will accept of the best Satisfaction I can make him. My Life is in his Power, but if I give him up my all, I humbly beg he'll shew me Mercy. That Ring on your Finger, Sir *Solomon*, a real Diamond, and not compos'd of small Sparks, is the Property of this Gentleman.

Sir *Sol*. Impossible! — I took the Diamond red hot out of the Crucible.

Drain. And I privately convey'd it there, well knowing that no Degree of Heat would affect it. Your Gold, Sir *Solomon*, was as artfully put into the melting Pot.

Sir *Sol*. Preserve me, Heaven!

Drain. Be not surpris'd, Sir, these are the Tricks of all *Projectors* who deal in *Alchemy*; they extract large Quantities of Gold, Silver, Copper, &c. from Oars, by Way of Experiment; but when they come to the grand Work, the Cheat is found too late; for two Thirds of the very Metal, they pretend to have produced, have been conveyed by them into the Crucible; and yet, are doing every Thing with the strictest Honour and Advantage to their Patron. The Gold produc'd from your Copper Stew-Pan is fine indeed; for it was a solid *Jacobus* e're I put it into the melting Pot.

Sir *Sol*. Indeed!

Drain. Shew me no Mercy, if I did not. There is many a *Projector*, in this Way, has convey'd rich Ores, even the Product of *Peru*, into a poor Mine here; and then are sure to find a Way, that the Owner of the Lands shall take it up himself, and so they set to Work upon Experiments, and all above Board, by ocular Demonstrations: Nay, the Master must do the Work, as you know, Sir *Solomon*; and by pretended Fluxions, Volatilizations, Terrifications, &c. and so on to the Test; and by these plain Demonstrations, as they call them, work on 'till the Owner of ten Thousand a Year in good Land, has not a Handful of Earth to work upon, which would speedily have been your Case.

Sir *Sol*. It might so, indeed, in an Hour's Time, for ought I know.

H

Drain,

Drain. I could produce innumerable Instances of this Kind, Sir *Solomon*, but will not take up too much of your Time at present. Therefore, if you will intercede with this worthy Gentleman to pardon me, I, in Return, will make you an Instrument to preserve one of the most noble and generous Families in this Kingdom from Destruction, whose Ruin is as far advanced as yours, and Danger as great in the metallick Way; and you shall be the Person who shall blow up the Work, and detect the Fraud.

True. You have an Assignment, Mr. *Drainwell*, from Sir *Solomon*—

Drain. I have it here, and thus restore it. [*Gives a Paper*]—I own I had a Design to ruin you, but my restoring your Assignment, and making this frank Confession, I hope, will atone for the Attempt I made, since nothing has been yet done to hurt you.

Sir Sol. Well, as great a Villain as he is, there's yet some Merit in this ingenuous Acknowledgment of his Crimes—Let me intreat you, Sir, to make the Matter easy to him; and as this Ring, Sir, is your Property, I restore it. [*Gives the Ring.*]

Vain. I know it well! Well, we'll talk of other Affairs without. If I find he has any Thing considerable to offer, or Discovery to make, I may comply with his Request. Gentlemen, your humble Servant. Constable, take away your Prisoner.

[*Exit Constable, Drainwell and Vainhope.*]

Sir Theo. This is a strange Discovery, Sir *Solomon*—Tho' it is a little too soon for my Purpose. [*Aside.*]

Sir Sol. It is indeed. And I'm asham'd to have been so much deceived by a Man whom others saw through so easily—I have puffed and sweated, and blow'd at the Furnace these two Years to a fine Purpose—*Truegood*, let me embrace thee, thou hast proved thyself, not only a faithful Servant, but a sincere and hearty Friend—My Children! How can ye forbear Reproaches on a Father who has used you so ill as I have done? Let these salt Tears, that I cannot restrain, plead for my Pardon.

Geor. O! Sir, 'tis we that ought to ask for Pardon, for

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for having once opposed your Will. Thank Heaven! the Cheat has been discovered Time enough to save you from the Danger you were in.

Sir Sol. My poor *Sharlot* too, whom I would have forced to wed this Miscreant, How can she forgive me?

Shar. I, Sir, am over-paid for all the Pains I suffered, by being thus restored to your good Opinion of me, and seeing you thus relieved from such threatening Danger.

Sir Theo. I find I am like to be the greatest Sufferer, in losing my Purchase. [*Aside*] *Sir Solomon*, I heartily congratulate you on the Escape you have had; the Estate you offered me was an advantageous Bargain, but I am much better pleased that you should still keep the Possession of it yourself.

True. Dissembling Hypocrite! [*Aside*] And here comes a Lady, that I am sure will be sincerely pleased at any good Fortune that attends you. And, *Sir Solomon*, your Estate in the Country is not mortgaged as you think, but the Money your own, and still remains in my Hands.

Enter Julia.

Shar. Oh! my dear *Julia*, my Father's reconciled to us, the Villain *Drainwell's*—

Ful. In the Hands of Justice; I will prevent your taking Pains to repeat to me what I have already been made privy to by honest *Truegood*. I heartily rejoice, my Dear, in your Escape—*Sir Solomon*, I give you Joy of your Deliverance.

Sir Sol. Deliverance, indeed! I thank you, Madam; and would be glad to return the Compliment, and give you Joy. What now hinders the Match we have so long proposed? You have Beauty and Virtue to make any Man happy: And this worthy Son, whom I have injured, deserves every Thing.

Ful. Nothing hinders, *Sir Solomon*, but your Consent.

Sir Theo. And mine may not be unnecessary too, I hope, my little *Julia*.

Ful. Methinks I can hardly help asking it, tho' you know very well I am under no Obligation of doing it.

Sir Theo. Ha!

Sir Sol. How, Madam, no Obligation of asking your Father's

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Father's Consent, before you bestow yourself in Marriage?

Jul. Yes, a Father's, if I had one; but being of Age I need not ask my Guardian's Leave to dispose of myself.

Sir Sol. A Father, if you had one! What can th mean?

True. Another strange Discovery, Sir. This Lady the Daughter of that honest Gentleman, and your intimate Friend, Mr. Trueman.

Sir Sol. Miracle upon Miracle! He was an honest Gentleman indeed; but, if this be so, How came her real Birth to be so long concealed?

True. Mr. Trueman dying while this Daughter was an Infant, and leaving Sir Theodore and myself her Guardians, we agreed together, as many Guardians do, on the like Occasions, to cheat her of her Estate.

Sir Sol. Another frank Confession!

True. Yes, Sir, of another's Guilt, but not my own; for I never intended any other than to make this Discovery, when it should be beyond his Power to injure her; and nothing has now led me into it, but my Love of Truth and Justice.

Sir Sol. Why, my old Friend, Sir Theodore, you seem Thunder-struck, what means all this?

Sir Theo. Damn'd deceitful Dog! I am ruined: But must put the Face I can upon the Matter. [*Aside*] Really, Sir Solomon, I am a little confounded, and it is some Concern to me, to be thus forestalled in my Intention; for I always designed to lay open this Affair whenever she should marry; and am now ready to account with her for the Profits of her Estate.

True. Sir Theodore knows the Case can be proved fully, for him to pretend to contest it; and so, by th ready Compliance, saves at least the Expence of a Law Suit: But from what I know of him, I dare say, That had there been the least Probability of his still keeping th Seeret to his own Advantage, he never would have divulged it.

Sir Theo. Thou art so malicious an old Rogue, I believe not what you say; but this I hope is not my Friend Sir Solomon's Opinion of me?

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Sir Sol. Why really, *Sir Theodore*, the Business has a very black Aspect: Your great Eagerness too, to grasp at my Estate, I can't but say, now I am able to reflect coolly on Matters, gives me some odd Thoughts of you.

Sir Theo. Why then, I leave you to enjoy those Thoughts, and value none of you. May this old Fool starve for his Honesty; you seek after another *Philosopher's Stone*; these young Cubbs marry this Week, and swear the Peace against one another the next; and you, Madam, live to the Age of Fourscore, and die a Maid. [Exit Sir Theodore.]

Sir Sol. A Bead-Roll of very charitable Wishes, truly. They will do him as much Service as my learning the Terms of Art in Chymistry.

Shar. 'Tis Pity my Gallant did not come a little sooner, to have had his Portion of them too.

Enter young Plumb.

Plumb. *Sir Solomon*, your most humble Servant. Dear *George*, Ladies, yours. Odsso, *Sir Solomon*, this is very strange News I hear of *Drainwell*. You have been wonderfully deceived by him. Really I myself could have sworn the Fellow was what he pretended to be; but the wisest are sometimes mistaken; and, so Sister, you and I are not a-Kin—Strike me stiff!

Ful. Ay, Mr. *Plumb*, we have been so much mistaken, that I'm afraid you'll lose the great Diamond Button for your Hat.

Shar. And all the Gold and Diamonds being vanish'd, I can't, in my Conscience, expect now the Honours designed me from so fine a Gentleman as Mr. *Plumb*, who, to be sure, will not sacrifice his Liberty, and that gay Person, without the Prospect of an immense Fortune.

Plumb. Why, as to that, really, Madam—but that I have more Honour—and have gone a little too far to recede—

Shar. Never stand humming and hawing, Man. I'll put you out of Pain at once. Your Father appears to be so great a Knave, and his Son so great a Fool, that I should think an Alliance with such a Family, would be to fall into a worse Condition than that I so much dreaded with *Drainwell*; for I might have been releas'd from him by the Hangman; but, in the other Case, might have had no certain

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calm Ready for my Miseries, but—hanging myself.

Plumb. Ah! Madam, your Ladyship is vastly kind,
Well as extremely polite in your Phrase and Manner of
pressing yourself—Strike me dead. [Exit Plumb.]

Sir Sol. Come, my Children, let us dedicate this Day
to Mirth and Joy. It is but now, methinks, that I began
to live.—

*Since from this Day's Escape, and threatening Woe,
I've learnt the truest Sense, myself to know,
Content with what he has, let no Man run
Such Risks, for fancied Wealth, as I have done.*

E N D.

